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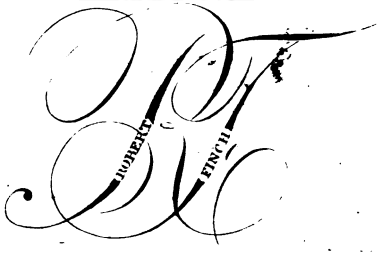

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POEMS.

BY

JOHN DYER, L.L.B.

VIZ.

I. GRONGAR HILL.

II. The RUINS of ROME.

III. The FLEECE, in Four Books.

LONDON:
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.
M.DCC.LXX.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. JOHN DYER was born in Carmarthenſhire, and educated at Weſtminſter ſchool. His father, an attorney of great practice and reputation, intended to introduce this his ſecond ſon into his own buſineſs: but his genius led him a different way; beſides his early taſte for Poetry, he had a paſſion no leſs ſtrong for the Arts of Deſign; and he determined to make Painting his profeſſion.

With this view he made the voyage of Italy, where beſides the uſual ſtudy of the remains of Antiquity, and the works of the great Maſters, he frequently ſpent whole days in the country about Rome and Florence, ſketching thoſe pittoreſque proſpects with facility and ſpirit. Images from hence naturally tranſported themſelves into his Poetical Compoſitions. The

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principal beauties of the *Ruins of Rome* are perhaps of this kind, and the various landſcapes in the *Fleece* have been particularly admired.

On his return to England, he ſoon found, he could not reliſh a town life, nor ſubmit to the aſſiduity required in his profeſſion: his talent indeed was rather for Sketching than Finiſhing. So he contentedly ſat down in the country with his little fortune, painting now and then a Portrait or a Landſcape, as his fancy led him.

As his turn of mind was rather ſerious, and his conduct had been irreproachable, he very properly followed the opinion of his friends, who adviſed him to enter into Orders. And after ſome time ſpent upon a ſmall cure in Warwickſhire, his worthy character, and the merit of his Poetical Performances, recommended him to the notice of the Ld. Chancellor HARDWICKE, who preſented him ſucceſſively to the rectories of Belchford and Kerkby in Lincolnſhire;

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colnſhire; as did Sir JOHN HEATHCOTE to that of Coningſby in the ſame county. Upon this latter preferment he reſided till the end of 1757, when a conſumptive diſorder, with which he had long ſtruggled, carried him off at laſt in the 59th year of his age.

His character as a Writer has been freed by the following pieces publiſhed by himſelf, and now firſt collected: wherein a Poetical Imagination perfectly original, a Natural Simplicity, connected with and often productive of the True Sublime, and the warmeſt ſentiments of Benevolence and Virtue, have been univerſally taken notice of. As a Member of Society, the ſame Simplicity appeared in his Manners, joined with a liberal turn of Thinking, which ſeldom ſollicited a Favor, and never loſt a Friend.

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Grongar Hill.

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POEMS.

BY

JOHN DYER, L.L.B.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter Muſe;
Now while Phœbus riding high
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!

* Grongar

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Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells
Sweetly muſing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the ev'ning ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
'Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day:
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,

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Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe:
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landſkip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open ſcene
Does the face of nature ſhow,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.

Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks;
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below

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Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an aweful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;

And

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And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And ſee the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought;

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Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' hope's deluding glaſs;

As

As yon ſummits ſoft and fair
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.

O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee:
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air;
And miſers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſick fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be

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Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide:
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE

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Ruins of Rome.

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THE RUINS OF ROME.

A POEM.

Aſpice murorum moles, præruptaque ſaxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vaſta theatra ſitu :
Hæc ſunt Roma. *Viden' velut ipſa cadavera tantæ*
Urbis adhuc ſpirent imperioſa minas?

JANUS VITALIS.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the ſhady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt
I ſung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in ſtone remains
Of proud antiquity, thro' various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote ; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,

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Beyond the Umbrian and Etruſcan hills,
To Latium's wide champain, forlorn and waſte,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muſe,
Yet once again, and ſoar a loftier flight;
Lo the reſiſtleſs theme, imperial Rome.

Fall'n, fall'n, a ſilent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obſcur'd in duſt;
Ev'n yet majeſtical: the ſolemn ſcene
Elates the ſoul; while now the riſing ſun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Tow'ring aloft, upon the glitt'ring plain,
Like broken rocks, a vaſt circumference;
Rent palaces, cruſh'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.

Deep lies in duſt the Theban obeliſc
Immenſe along the waſte; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, ſubtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immenſe LEVIATHAN
The finny brood, when near Ierne's ſhore
Out-ſtretch'd, unwieldly, his iſland length appears

Above

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Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Grey-mould'ring temples swell, and wide o'ercast
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
Aghast the voice of time, disparting tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around; loud thund'ring to the Moon;
While murmurs sooth each aweful interval
Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile [a],
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates; they with dropping locks,
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.
Yet here advent'rous in the sacred search
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
Grateful society! with these I raise

[a] *Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.*

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The toilſome ſtep up the proud Palatin,
Through ſpiry cypreſs groves, and tow'ring pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
On num'rous arches rear'd: and frequent ſtopp'd,
The ſunk ground ſtartles me with dreadful chaſm,
Breathing forth darkneſs from the vaſt profound
Of iſles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
Nor theſe the nether works; all theſe beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd ſewers, maſſy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beſide the dead
Lake of Avernus; ſuch the ſewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows laſh their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now inceſſant time has roll'd around
A thouſand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thouſand ſince, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and daſh and ſwell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's loweſt wave.
Hence over airy plains, by cryſtal founts,

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That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapſe,
Among the ſleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein
Of orient jaſper, pleas'd I move along,
And vaſes boſs'd, and huge inſcriptive ſtones,
And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Flora's and Chloe's of delicious mould,
Chearing the darkneſs; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mould'ring ſhrines, with old decay
Ruſtick and green and wide-embow'ring ſhades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding tow'rs.
A ſolemn wilderneſs! With error ſweet,
I wind the ling'ring ſtep, where-e'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er ſculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guiſe, and horned Pan,
Terrifick, monſtrous ſhapes! prepoſt'rous Gods,
Of Fear and Ign'rance, by the ſculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worſhip'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worſhip at their breathleſs mouths [b]

[b] *Several ſtatues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of ſaints.*

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In varied appellations: men to theſe
(From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n)
At length aſcrib'd th' INAPPLICABLE NAME.
How doth it pleaſe and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Hiſtorick urns and breathing ſtatues riſe,
And ſpeaking buſts! Sweet Scipio, Marius ſtern,
Pompey ſuperb, the ſpirit-ſtirring form
Of Cæſar raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundleſs fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcaſt, he ſoars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus ſee,
Deſponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days, of faith, of publick weal
Solicitous and ſad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; uprais'd,
His out-ſtretch'd arm he waves, in act to ſpeak
Before the ſilent maſters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
The pious brothers; jealous Alba ſtands
In fearful expectation of the ſtrife,

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And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in ſilent tears;
In ſorrowful benevolence embrace——
Howe'er they ſoon unſheath the flaſhing ſword,
Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
The mother claſps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd;
Such were the Fabii, Decii; ſo inſpir'd
The Scipio's battled, and the Gracchi ſpoke:
So roſe the Roman ſtate. Me now, of theſe
Deep-muſing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to ſerve my country, diſtant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor ſhall the duſt
Of theſe fall'n piles with ſhew of ſad decay
Avert the good reſolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.——Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd; beauteouſly diſtinct [c]
The num'rous porticos and domes upſwell,
With obeliſcs and columns interpos'd,

[c] *From the Palatin hill one ſees moſt of the remarkable antiquities.*

And

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And pine, and fir, and oak: so fair a scene
Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Ægyptian plain:
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
Lucid Ilyssus, weeps her silent schools,
And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, supreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the seats ascend
Round above round, slow-wid'ning to the verge,
A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd
Before th' innumerable shouting crowd.
The fiery, madded, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,

And

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And desp'rate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converse with familiar death,
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
Impenetrable.——But away thine eye;
Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd[a]
In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cærulean rust.
The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round sun ascends; and tow'r'd aloft,
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Dark'ning their idols, when Astarte lur'd
Too prosp'rous Israel from his living strength.
And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd

[a] *The Capitol.*

Pantheon;

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Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majeſtick emblem; with peculiar grace,
Before its ample orb, projected ſtands
The many-pillar'd portal: nobleſt work
Of human ſkill: here, curious architect,
If thou aſſay'ſt, ambitious, to ſurpaſs
Palladius, Angelus, or Britiſh Jones,
On theſe fair walls extend the certain ſcale,
And turn th' inſtructive compaſs: careful mark
How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing ſculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows ſuſtain: fair Corinth firſt
Boaſted their order which Callimachus
(Reclining ſtudious on Aſopus' banks
Beneath an urn of ſome lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd, the chapiter inform'd.
See the tall obeliſcs from Memphis old,
One ſtone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's ſpires they ruſh into the ſkies.

And

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And there the temple, where the ſummon'd ſtate [e]
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The veh'ment orator in rent attire
Perſuaſion pours, ambition ſinks her creſt;
And lo the villain, like a troubled ſea,
That toſſes up her mire! Ever diſguis'd,
Shall treaſon walk? ſhall proud oppreſſion yoke
The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch, abaſh'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,
Parent of happineſs, celeſtial born;
When the firſt man became a living ſoul,
His ſacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her ſecure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bleſs mankind; while yet among her ſons,
Ev'n yet there are, to ſhield thine equal laws,
Whoſe boſoms kindle at the ſacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walſingham and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In maſque and dance excel; to ſculptur'd ſtone
Give with ſuperior ſkill the living look;

[e] *The temple of Concord, where the ſenate met on Catiline's conſpiracy.*

More

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More pompous piles erect, or pencil ſoft
With warmer touch the viſionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannick ſway;
To quell the proud; to ſpread the joys of peace,
And various bleſſings of ingenious trade.
Be theſe our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
Ineſtimable good! who giv'ſt us Truth,
Whoſe hand upleads to light, divineſt Truth,
Array'd in ev'ry charm: whoſe hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inſcribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majeſtick daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whoſe num'rous towns and iſles, and peopled ſeas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with ſublime delight) Auſonia caught,
And plan'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her tow'ry battlements in ſtrength;

Bent

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Bent her wide bridges o'er the ſwelling ſtream
Of Tuſcan Tiber; thine thoſe ſolemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler pray'r;
And thine thoſe piles undeck'd, capacious, vaſt,[a]
In days of dearth where tender Charity
Diſpens'd her timely ſuccours to the poor.
Thine too thoſe muſically-falling founts
To ſlake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Muſical ever; while from yon blue hills
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The ſpacious deſert, bright'ning in the ſun,
Proud and more proud in their auguſt approach;
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the ſoft whiſpering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their ſilver ſtreams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murm'ring falls,
Muſical ever. Theſe thy beauteous works;
And what beſide felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the reſt;

[a] *The publick granaries.*

At

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At various times their turrets chanc'd to riſe,
When impious tyranny vouchſaf'd to ſmile.
Behold by Tyber's flood, where modern Rome §
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily ſports the noble youth
Ruſh'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
To vault the ſteed; or with the kindling wheel
In duſty whirlwinds ſweep the trembling goal;
Or wreſtling, cope with adverſe ſwelling breaſts,
Strong grappling arms, cloſe heads and diſtant feet;
Or claſh the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the boſſy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conqueſts, honours, in the ſculptures live.
And ſee from ev'ry gate thoſe ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the ſolemn paths of Fame:
Deſerve they not regard? O'er whoſe broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, ſo many ſtorms of war;
So many pomps; ſo many wond'ring realms:

§ *Modern Rome ſtands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.*

Yet

Yet ſtill thro' mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
In even ſtate, to diſtant ſeas around,
They ſtretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince, who to the truſt of pow'r [h]
Was honeſt, the delight of human kind.
Three nodding iſles remain; the reſt an heap
Of ſand and weeds; her ſhrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her ſpacious floor,
As from a ſhining ſea, majeſtick roſe
An hundred foot aloft, like ſtately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glaſſy lake,
Charming the mimick painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's ſacred ſpoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
By the ſunk roof.—O'er which in diſtant view
Th' Etruſcan mountains ſwell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte ſpires,
Wrapping his ſides in tempeſts. Eaſtward hence,
Nigh where the Ceſtian pyramid divides [i]

[h] *Begun by Veſpaſian, and finiſh'd by Titus.*

[i] *The tomb of Ceſtius, partly within and partly without the walls.*

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The mould'ring wall, behold yon fabrick huge,
Whoſe duſt the ſolemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken ſculptures caſt abroad,
Like Sybil's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The ſtately pines, that ſpread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls, [k]
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in compariſon, minute and vile.

Theſe, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged ſides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches ſcatter'd round,
After the tempeſt; Mauſoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whoſe low baſe the ſculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough ſteep,
Its hero to the ſkies: and his dark tow'r [l]
Whoſe execrable hand the city fir'd,

[k] *The baths of Caracalla, a vaſt ruin.*

[l] *Nero's.*

And

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And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome;[m]
And the rough reliques of Carinæ's ſtreet,
Where now the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erſt
There pip'd the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep,
When th' humble roof Anchiſes' ſon explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-deſpiſing king,
Amid the thickets: ſo revolves the ſcene;
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From duſt again to duſt. Behold that heap
Of mould'ring urns (their aſhes blown away,
Duſt of the mighty) the ſame ſtory tell;
And at its baſe, from whence the ſerpent glides
Down the green deſert ſtreet, yon hoary monk
Laments the ſame, the viſion as he views,
The ſolitary, ſilent, ſolemn ſcene,
Where Cæſars, heroes, peaſants, hermits lie,
Blended in duſt together; where the ſlave
Reſts from his labours; where th' inſulting proud
Reſigns his pow'r; the miſer drops his hoard;

[m] *The Palatin library.*

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Where human folly ſleeps.——There is a mood,
(I ſing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the ſoul, and points her to the ſkies;
When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
When age deſcends with ſorrow to the grave,
'Tis ſweetly-ſoothing ſympathy to pain,
A gently wak'ning call to health and eaſe.
How muſical! when all-devouring Time,
Here ſitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempeſts ſweep his various lyre,
How ſweet thy diapaſon, Melancholy!
Cool ev'ning comes; the ſetting ſun diſplays
His viſible great round between yon tow'rs,
As thro' two ſhady cliffs; away, my Muſe,
Though yet the proſpect pleaſes, ever new
In vaſt variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd ſculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and ev'ry realm and ſtate
With Rome's auguſt remains, heroes and gods,

Deck

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Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miſs we not th' innumerable theſts,
Yet ſtill profuſe of graces teems the waſte.
Suffice it now th' Eſquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and ſeek the ſacred reſts
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little ſun-gilt heap,
Groteſque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple cluſters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleaſing fancy ſooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celeſtial ſong, or ſocial walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Auguſtus! who ſo well inſpir'd
Could'ſt throw thy pomps and royalties aſide,
Attentive to the wiſe, the great of ſoul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auſpicious to the Muſes! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or ſecret ſhade,

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Or open mountain, or whatever ſcene
The poet choſe to tune th' ennobling rhime
Melodious; ev'n the rugged ſons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours———
Yet will the Muſe a little longer ſoar,
Unleſs the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's ſtores are ſhut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; ſince in vain
The thirſty pilgrim at the fountain aſks
Th' o'erflowing wave--Enough--the plaint diſdain.—
See'ſt thou yon fane? ev'n now inceſſant time [a]
Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the duſt;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the ſmall rotund.
'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſwains with rev'rend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Preſſing the teat within a monſter's graſp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her ſtretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs:

[a] *The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin.*

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So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell ſavage fed
Your ſacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conqueſts, glories, of th' Auſonian ſtate,
Wrapp'd in their ſecret ſeeds. Each kindred ſoul,
Robuſt and ſtout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots ariſe,
Green twigs of oſier weave the ſlender walls,
Green ruſhes ſpread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruſcan Tiber views
Her ſpreading ſcenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gath'ring ſwains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majeſtick train.
Her ſpeedy growth alarm'd the ſtates around
Jealous, yet ſoon by wond'rous virtue won,
They ſink into her boſom. From the plough
Roſe her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no houſhold ſtate,
The publick only ſwell'd the gen'rous breaſt.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes ſung?

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Dentatus' ſcars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius ſav'd the capitol? the choice
Of ſteady Regulus? As yet they ſtood,
Simple of life; as yet ſeducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and ſhame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flow'ry vallies? They, content,
Feaſted at nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their eaſy taſte; and only ſought
To know their duties; that their only ſtrife,
Their gen'rous ſtrife, and greatly to perform.
They through all ſhapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickeſt death
To ſnatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thraſymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntleſs courage; ſtorming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punick ſhores; 'till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious ſpoils: alas proſperity!

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Ah baneful ſtate! yet ebb'd not all their ſtrength
In ſoft luxurious pleaſures; proud deſire
Of boundleſs ſway, and fev'riſh thirſt of gold,
Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her ruſty ſhield; nor could avail
The ſword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd Britiſh chief,
Which ſeven brave years beneath the doubtleſs wing
Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd, 'till Fame was ſilent of their foes.
And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud ſecurity: the creſted helm,
The plated greave and corſelet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the ſpear and ſounding ſhield,
But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.
Diſſolv'd in eaſe and ſoft delights they lie,
'Till ev'ry ſun annoys, and ev'ry wind
Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with ſtrength
Maſculine, nor in luſtineſs of heart

Laughs

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Laughs at the winter ſtorm, and ſummer beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flow'ry bow'rs they ſeek
(As æther prompts, as the ſick ſenſe approves)
Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the ſoft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous ſtone,
Pile in the roſeat air with fond expence:
Through ſilver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on ſilver beds cryſtalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roſes, odours, ſheds unheeded bane.
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of volupt'ouſneſs, cry out aloud
Neceſſity, and ſeek the ſplendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboſs'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of ſeeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rareſt acquiſition; Tyrian garbs,

Neptunian

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Neptunian Albion's high teſtaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incenſe fum'd
To ſlake Patrician thirſt: for theſe, their rights
In the vile ſtreets they proſtitute to ſale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market throngs.
But who has moſt by fraud or force amaſs'd?
Who moſt can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the ſtate; and lo!
Didius, vile uſ'rer, through the crowd he mounts,*
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cow'rs,
And the red arrows fill his graſp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant ſtate,
And with licentious pleaſures fed the rout,
The thoughtleſs many: to the wanton ſound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the ſhade

* *Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.*

Sung

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Sung Cæſar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæſar! lo, a God, a God,
He cleaves the yielding ſkies! Cæſar mean while
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd purſues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; taſtes, diſlikes, and flings
To dogs and ſycophants: a God, a God!
The flow'ry ſhades and ſhrines obſcene return.
But ſee along the north the tempeſt ſwell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their ſnows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Ruſh as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villa's; down the feſtive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the ſtorm in clouds of duſt.
Vain end of human ſtrength, of human ſkill,
Conqueſt, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And eaſe and luxury! O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent ſtates,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the ſoft entrance of thy roſy cave

How

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How do'ſt thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulph where Aſſur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boaſting Cham;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
And the great queen of earth, imperial ROME.

THE

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The Fleece.

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THE

FLEECE:

A

POEM.

In FOUR BOOKS.

Poſt majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris ſecunda ratio eſt, quæ prima ſit, ſi ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibuſque noſtris liberaliora præbet Velamina.

COLUMELLA.

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THE

FLEECE.

BOOK I.

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THE ARGUMENT.

THE ſubject propoſed. Dedicatory addreſs. Of paſtures in general fit for ſheep: for fine-wool'd ſheep: for long-wool'd ſheep. Defects of paſtures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moiſture of the Engliſh climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of Engliſh ſheep: the two common ſorts of rams deſcribed. Different kinds of foreign ſheep. The ſeveral ſorts of food. The diſtempers ariſing from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by inſtinct to their proper food and phyſic. Of the ſhepherd's ſcrip, and its furniture. Care of ſheep in tupping time. Of the caſtration of lambs, and the folding of ſheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and ſeaſons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and ſecurity of the Engliſh ſhepherd above thoſe in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with reſpect to Lapland, Italy, Greece and Arabia. Of ſheep-ſhearing. Song on that occaſion. Cuſtom in Wales of ſprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-ſhearing feaſt and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

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THE FLEECE.

BOOK I.

THE care of Sheep, the labors of the Loom,
And arts of Trade, I ſing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye ſwains, and princely merchants, aid the verſe.
And ye, high-truſted guardians of our iſle,
Whom publick voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge aſſigns: ye good, of all
Degrees, all ſects, be preſent to my ſong.
So may diſtreſs, and wretchedneſs, and want,
The wide felicities of labor learn:
So may the proud attempts of reſtleſs Gaul
From our ſtrong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly THOU,
The people's ſhepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the num'rous ſwains of ev'ry vale,
With well-permitted pow'r and watchful eye,

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On each gay field to ſhed beneficence,
Celeſtial office! Thou protect the ſong.
On ſpacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
With graſs and thyme o'erſpread, and clover wild,
Where ſmiling Phœbus tempers ev'ry breeze,
The faireſt flocks rejoice! they, nor of halt,
Hydropic tumors, nor of rot, complain;
Evils deform'd and foul: nor with hoarſe cough
Diſturb the muſic of the paſt'ral pipe:
But, crouding to the note, with ſilence ſoft
The cloſe-wov'n carpet graze; where nature blends
Flowrets and herbage of minuteſt ſize,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to ſhepherd and to ſheep.
All arid ſoils, with ſand, or chalky flint,
Or ſhells deluvian mingled; and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle ſtone,
Be thy regard: and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper ariſe;
Or the tall growth of gloſſy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the duſt;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.

Such

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Such are the downs of Banſtead, edg'd with woods,
And tow'ry villa's; ſuch Dorceſtrian fields,
Whoſe flocks innum'rous whiten all the land:
Such thoſe ſlow-climbing wilds, that lead the ſtep
Inſenſibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and ſuch the clover'd lawns
And ſunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,[a]
Health's chearful haunt, and the ſelected walk
Of HEATHCOTE's leiſure: ſuch the ſpacious plain
Of Sarum, ſpread like ocean's boundleſs round,
Where ſolitary Stonehenge, grey with moſs,
Ruin of ages, nods: ſuch too the leas
And ruddy tilth, which ſpiry Roſs beholds,
From a green hiloc, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemſter's brooky tract, and airy Croft;[b]
And ſuch Harleian Eywood's[c] ſwelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling ſea:
And Shobden,[d] for its lofty terrace fam'd,

[a] *Normanton, a ſeat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandſhire.*

[b] *Croft, a ſeat of Sir Archer Croft.*

[c] *Eywood, of the Earl of Oxford.*

[d] *Shobden, of Lord Bateman:*

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Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
And girt with all Siluria,[e] ſees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleaſant Siluria, land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the ſides
Of treacherous Falernum[f]; or that hill
Veſuvius, where the bow'rs of Bacchus roſe,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.
But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leiceſtrian fleeces, what the ſinewy arm
Combs thro' the ſpiky ſteel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich ſaponaceous loam, that ſlowly drinks
The black'ning ſhow'r, & fattens with the draught,
Or marl with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one conſiſtence, one complexion, ſpread

[e] *Siluria, the part of England which lies weſt of the Severn, viz. Herefordſhire, Monmouthſhire, &c.*

[f] *Treacherous Falernum, becauſe part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.*

Through

Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To looſe the creeping waters from their ſprings,
Tainting the paſturage: and let thy fields
In ſlopes deſcend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and haſten to the brooks.
Yet ſome defect in all on earth appears;
All ſeek for help, all preſs for ſocial aid.
Too cold the graſſy mantle of the marl,
In ſtormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent ſheep; from broken ſlumber oft
They riſe benumb'd, and vainly ſhift the couch;
Their waſted ſides their evil plight declare.
Hence, tender in his care, the ſhepherd ſwain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet diſtance from the upland ridge,
To ſink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent ſand, with lime, and dark manure;
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a paſſage to the foe.
Plough not ſuch paſtures: deep in ſpungy graſs
The oldeſt carpet is the warmeſt lair,

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And ſoundeſt; in new herbage coughs are heard.
Nor love too frequent ſhelter: ſuch as decks
The vale of Severn, nature's garden wide,
By the blue ſteeps of diſtant Malvern[g] wall'd,
Solemnly vaſt. The trees of various ſhade,
Scene behind ſcene, with fair deluſive pomp
Enrich the proſpect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiſs
Dimetians[h], who along their moſſy dales
Conſume, like graſshoppers, the ſummer hour;
While round them ſtubborn thorns & furze increaſe,
And creeping briars. I knew a careful ſwain,
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and ſpread
Their duſt ſaline upon the deep'ning graſs:
And oft with labor-ſtrengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench acroſs his verdant ſlopes,
To intercept the ſmall meandring rills
Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that four
The ſhaded graſs, that weaken thorn-ſet mounds,

[g] *Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worceſter.*
[h] *Dimetia, Caermarthenſhire in South Wales.*

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And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd:
Only a ſlender tuft of uſeful aſh,
And mingled beech and elm, ſecurely tall,
The little ſmiling cottage warm embow'r'd;
The little ſmiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his roſy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honeſt wife,
With good brown cake and bacon ſlice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labor hard.
Nor only ſoil, there alſo muſt be found
Felicity of clime, and aſpect bland,
Where gentle ſheep may nouriſh locks of price.
In vain the ſilken fleece on windy brows,
And northern ſlopes of cloud-dividing hills
Is ſought, though ſoft Iberia ſpreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biſcaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choiceſt fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embow'r'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they ſhun
Libya's hot plains: what taſte have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow duſt of gold? no more

Food

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Food to the flock, than to the miſer wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and ſtarves.
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the ſhining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Baſely from Albion, by th' enſnaring bribe,
The bait of av'rice, which, with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thouſands ſteals.
How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond deſire! Thoſe ſlow-deſcending ſhow'rs,
Thoſe hov'ring fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads ſhed,
Britannia's handmaids. As the bev'rage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and ſing.
Hail noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No ſoft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bow'rs,
The vig'rous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whoſe ſtern cerulean brows
White-winged ſnow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with ſolemn majeſty:
Rich queen of miſts and vapours! Theſe thy ſons
With their cool arms compreſs; & twiſt their nerves
For

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For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our EDWARDS, HENRYS, CHURCHILLS, BLAKES,
Our LOCKES, our NEWTONS, & our MILTONS, roſe.
See the ſun gleams; the living paſtures riſe,
After the nurture of the fallen ſhow'r,
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike ſteeds, ſuch herds of kine,
So ſleek, ſo vaſt; ſuch ſpacious flocks of ſheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradiſe adorn but thine,
Britannia? happy, if thy ſons would know
Their happineſs. To theſe thy naval ſtreams,
Thy frequent towns ſuperb of buſy trade,
And ports magnific add, and ſtately ſhips,
Innumerous. But whither ſtrays my muſe?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the ſtrand
Arriv'd of bright Auguſta: wild he roves
From deck to deck, thro' groves immenſe of maſts;
'Mong crouds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
Through wharfs, and ſquares, and palaces, & domes,
In

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In ſweet ſurprize; unable yet to fix
His raptur'd mind, or ſcan in order'd courſe
Each object ſingly; with diſcov'ries new
His native country ſtudious to enrich.

Ye ſhepherds, if your labors hope ſucceſs,
Be firſt your purpoſe to procure a breed,
To ſoil and clime adapted. Ev'ry ſoil
And clime, ev'n ev'ry tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each,
The Great Inviſible, and each to all,
Through earth, and ſea, and air, harmonious ſuits.
Tempeſtuous regions, Darwent's[1] naked peaks,
Snowden[k] and blue Plynlymmon,[k] and the wide
Aerial ſides of Cader-yddris[k] huge;
Theſe are beſtow'd on goat-horn'd ſheep, of fleece
Hairy and coarſe, of long and nimble ſhank,
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
Alternate, to collect, with due diſpatch,
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-ſcatter'd meal.
But hills of milder air, that gently riſe

[1] *Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyſhire.*

[k] *Snowdon, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.*

O'er

O'er dewy dales, a fairer ſpecies boaſt,
Of ſhorter limb, and frontlet more ornate;
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
Near Cotſwold downs, or the delicious groves
Of Symmonds, honour'd through the ſandy ſoil
Of elmy Roſs [l], or Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glaſſy ſea;
Regard this ſort, and hence thy ſire of lambs
Select: his tawny fleece in ringlets curls;
Long ſwings his ſlender tail; his front is fenc'd
With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
Around each open ear, like thoſe fair ſcrolls
That grace the columns of th' Ionic dome.
Yet ſhould thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
Like Melton paſtures, or Tripontian fields, [m]
Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
Thwarts the long courſe of duſty Watling-ſtreet;
That larger ſort, of head defenceleſs, ſeek,
Whoſe fleece is deep and clammy, cloſe and plain:
The ram ſhort-limb'd, whoſe form compact deſcribes

[l] *Roſs, a town in Herefordſhire.*

[m] *Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby in Warwickſhire and Lutterworth in Leiceſterſhire.*

One

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One level line along his ſpacious back;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, ſtretch'd head,
Noſtrils dilated, breaſt and ſhoulders broad,
And ſpacious haunches, and a lofty dock.
Thus to their kindred ſoil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bleſs thy ſkilful care,
That copies nature; who, in ev'ry change,
In each variety, with wiſdom works,
And pow'rs diverſify'd of air and ſoil,
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marl, Ægyptus' water'd loam,
And dry Cyrene's ſand, in climes alike,
With diff'rent ſtores ſupply the marts of trade.
Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear;
Small are the Ruſſian herds, and harſh their fleece:
Of light eſteem Germanic, far remote
From ſoft ſea-breezes, open winters mild,
And ſummers bath'd in dew: on Syrian ſheep
The coſtly burden only loads their tails:
No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
Adorn; but ſleek of ſlix, and brown like deer,
Fearful and ſhepherdleſs, they bound along

The

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The ſands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boaſt of trees and ſhrubs alone,
Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool
Is graſs or herbage ſoft, that ever blooms
In temp'rate air, in the delicious downs
Of Albion, on the banks of all her ſtreams.
Of graſſes are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
Oft mingle with the pearls of ſummer ſhow'rs,
And ſwell too haſtily the tender plains:
Then ſnatch away thy ſheep; beware the rot;
And with deterſive bay-ſalt rub their mouths;
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In hunger's kind diſtreſs, on tedded hay;
Or to the mariſh guide their eaſy ſteps,
If near thy tufted crofts the broad ſea ſpreads.
Sagacious care foreacts: when ſtrong diſeaſe
Breaks in, and ſtains the purple ſtreams of health,
Hard is the ſtrife of art: the coughing peſt

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From their green paſture ſweeps whole flocks away.
That dire diſtemper ſometimes may the ſwain,
Though late, diſcern; when, on the lifted lid,
Or viſual orb, the turgid veins are pale;
The ſwelling liver then her putrid ſtore
Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy ſkill exert,
Nor ſuffer weak deſpair to fold thy arms:
Again deterſive ſalt apply, or ſhed
The hoary med'cine o'er their arid food.
In cold ſtiff ſoils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by ſhepherds term'd the halt:
Thoſe let the neighb'ring fold or ready crook
Detain; and pour into their cloven feet
Corroſive drugs, deep-ſearching arſenic,
Dry allum, verdigriſe, or vitriol keen.
But if the doubtful miſchief ſcarce appears,
'Twill ſerve to ſhift them to a dryer turf,
And ſalt again: th' utility of ſalt
Teach thy ſlow ſwains: redundant humours cold
Are the diſeaſes of the bleating kind.
Th' infectious ſcab, ariſing from extremes
Of want or ſurfeit, is by water cur'd

Of

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Of lime, or ſodden ſtave-acre, or oil
Diſperſive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous BERKELEY, whoſe benevolence
Explor'd its pow'rs, and eaſy med'cine thence
Sought for the poor: ye poor, with grateful voice,
Invoke eternal bleſſings on his head.

Sheep alſo pleuriſies and dropſies know,
Driv'n oft from nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aſide, with haughty hand,
Whom ſacred inſtinct would ſecurely lead.
But thou, more humble ſwain, thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field;
Noting the fickle ſeaſons of the ſky.
Rain-fated paſtures let them ſhun, and ſeek
Changes of herbage and ſalubrious flow'rs.
By their all-perfect Maſter inly taught,
They beſt their food and phyſick can diſcern;
For HE, Supreme Exiſtence, ever near,
Informs them. O'er the vivid green obſerve
With what a regular conſent they crop,
At ev'ry fourth collection to the mouth,

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Unſav'ry crow-ſlow'r; whether to awake
Languor of appetite with lively change,
Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom nature loves,
And with her ſalutary rules entruſts,
Benevolent MACKENZIE [a], ſay the cauſe.
This truth howe'er ſhines bright to human ſenſe;
Each ſtrong affection of th' unconſcious brute,
Each bent, each paſſion of the ſmalleſt mite,
Is wiſely giv'n; harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reaſon, (bluſh, vain man,)
And turn the wheels of nature's vaſt machine.

See that thy ſcrip have ſtore of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
Thy ſheers true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy ſtragglers to return:
So may'ſt thou aid who lag along, or ſteal
Aſide into the furrows or the ſhades,
Silent to droop; or who, at ev'ry gate
Or hillock, rub their ſores and looſen'd wool.

[a] *Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worceſter, now of Drumſugh, near Edinburgh.*

But

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But rather theſe, the feeble of thy flock,
Baniſh before th' autumnal months: ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour; oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.
Beware the ſeaſon of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent ſpirit pours;
Ev'n ſheep are then intrepid: the proud ram
With jealous eye ſurveys the ſpacious field;
All rivals keep aloof, or deſp'rate war
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
And fury irreſiſtible, they daſh
Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale reſounds;
The flock amaz'd ſtands ſafe afar; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls:
As fell of old, before that engine's ſway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous tow'rs of Salem to the duſt.
Wiſe cuſtom, at the fifth or ſixth return,
Or ere they've paſt the twelfth of orient morn,
Caſtrates the lambkins; neceſſary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy ſharp hand has griev'd,

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In thoſe rough months, that lift the turning year;
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius haſtens; ſoon their wounds he heals,
And leads them ſkipping to the flow'rs of May;
May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary, houſeleſs, common fields,
Worn by the plough: but fold on fallows dry;
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land:
Nor in too narrow bounds the pris'ners croud:
Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn
Lies on the reeking paſture; wait till all
The cryſtal dews, impearl'd upon the graſs,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure ſky.

In teizing fly-time, dank, or froſty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their ſoft ſkins, between the parted locks;
Thus the Brigantes*; 'tis not idle pains:
Nor is that ſkill deſpis'd, which trims their tails,
Ere ſummer heats, of filth and tagged wool,
Coolneſs and cleanlineſs to health conduce.

* *The Brigantes, the inhabitants of Yorkſhire.*

To

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to ſoil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy ſheep,
Hurdles to weave, and chearly ſhelters raiſe,
Thy vacant hours require: and ever learn
Quick æther's motions: oft the ſcene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance; theſe the moon will tell,
Each bird and beaſt, and theſe thy fleecy tribe:
When high the ſapphire cope, ſupine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed:
Slight not the warning; ſoon the tempeſt rolls,
Scatt'ring them wide, cloſe ruſhing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken ſwains: forbear
Such nights to fold; ſuch nights be theirs to ſhift
On ridge or hillock; or in homeſteads ſoft,
Or ſofter cotes, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harſh winter drowns
The noiſy dykes, and ſtarves the ruſhy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to ſandy hamlets warm:
There let them ſojourn, 'till gay Procne ſkims

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The thick'ning verdure, and the riſing flow'rs.
And while departing Autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields; while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay; then be their feet
Accuſtom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or ſome warm umbrage; leſt, in erring fright,
When the broad dazling ſnows deſcend, they run
Diſpers'd to ditches, where the ſwelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious, the ſhepherd ſwains
Iſſue with ax and ſpade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waſte;
And ſome, perchance, in the deep delve upraiſe,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With ſtill continued feeble pulſe of life;
The glebe, their fleece, their fleſh, by hunger gnaw'd.
Ah gentle ſhepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all, that feel diſtreſs, the moſt aſſail'd,
Feeble, defenceleſs: lenient be thy care:
But ſpread around thy tend'reſt diligence
In flow'ry ſpring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tott'ring with weakneſs by his mother's ſide,
Feels the freſh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock,

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Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O guard his meek ſweet innocence from all
Th' innum'rous ills, that ruſh around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the ſkies to ſnatch him from the plain;
Obſerve the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the ſly fox the careleſs minute waits;
Nor truſt thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor ſky:
Thy boſom to a thouſand cares divide.
Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her alſo turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakeſt, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating ſtill with tepid milk:
In this ſoft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in ſport;
Nor yield him to himſelf, ere vernal airs

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Sprinkle thy little croft with daiſy flow'rs:
Nor yet forget him: life has riſing ills:
Various as æther is the paſt'ral care:
Through ſlow experience, by a patient breaſt,
The whole long leſſon gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd
With deep attention: ſuch as NUCEUS ſings
To the full vale near Soar's [P] enamour'd brook,
While all is ſilence: ſweet Hinclean ſwain!
Whom rude obſcurity ſeverely claſps:
The muſe, howe'er, will deck thy ſimple cell
With purple violets and primroſe flow'rs,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful leſſons to repay.

Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread ſores cutaneous; but, more frequent, heat:
The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly neſt,
Preſs to the tortur'd ſkin, and fleſh, and bone,
In littleneſs and number dreadful foes.
Long rains in miry winter cauſe the halt;
Rainy luxuriant ſummers rot your flock;
And all exceſs, ev'n of ſalubrious food,

[P] *Soar, a river in Leiceſterſhire.*

As

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As ſure deſtroys, as famine or the wolf.
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in ev'ry zone endures.
With grateful heart, ye Britiſh ſwains, enjoy
Your gentle ſeaſons and indulgent clime.
Lo, in the ſprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irreſiſtible o'erwhelms
Th' Hyperborean tracts: his arrowy frosts,
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
And burrows deep beneath the ſnowy world;
A drear abode, from roſe-diffuſing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where, by the ſqualid light
Of fœtid oil inflam'd, ſea monſter's ſpume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three ſlow gloomy months, with various ills
Sullen he ſtruggles; ſuch the love of life!
His lank and ſcanty herds around him preſs,
As, hunger-ſtung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fiſh, or inward bark of trees,
Their common ſuſtenance. While ye, O ſwains,

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Ye, happy at your eaſe, behold your ſheep
Feed on the open turf, or croud the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with buſy mouths
They ſcoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only, at morning hour, to interpoſe
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle ſtraw,
The watry juices of the boſſy root
Abſorbing: or from noxious air to ſcreen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
Of furze or copſe-wood, in the lofty field,
Which bleak aſcends among the whiſtling winds.
Or, if your ſheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to houſe them dry on fern or ſtraw,
Silk'ning their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
Nor watchful dog, require; where never roar
Of ſavage tears the air, where careleſs night
In balmy ſleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror ſtrides: their ſtubborn rocks are rent;
Their mountains ſink; their yawning caverns flame;
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging; Pompeian tow'rs,

And

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And Herculanean, and what riotous ſtood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
'Mong ſolitary hills infectious lies.
See the ſwift furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighb'ring realms,
And ſpread their plains with deſolation wide:
Yet your mild homeſteads, ever-bloming, ſmile
Among embracing woods; and waft on high
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimneys, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
In airy azure ringlets, to the ſky.
Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic ſwains,
And Tarentine, with ſkins to clothe your ſheep;
Expenſive toil; howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But thoſe expenſive toils are now no more,
Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleat of ſheep may now, nor ſound of pipe,
Sooth the ſad plains of once ſweet Arcady,
The ſhepherds kingdom: dreary ſolitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the ſhaggy vale

Of

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Of Athens, which, in ſolemn ſilence, ſheds
Her venerable ruins to the duſt.
The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in queſt of food;
And ſhift their little home's uncertain ſcene
With frequent farewell: ſtrangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No ſweet fall of rain
May there be heard; nor ſweeter liquid lapſe
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirſt,
Daily they journey to the diſtant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep ſunk by toil immenſe,
Toil of the patriarchs, with ſublime intent
Themſelves and long poſterity to ſerve.
There, at the publick hour of ſultry noon,
They ſhare the bev'rage, when to wat'ring come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whoſe various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns: then is abſent none,
Fair nymph or ſhepherd, each inſpiring each
To wit, and ſong, and dance, and active feats;

In

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In the ſame ruſtic ſcene, where JACOB won
Fair RACHAEL's boſom, when a rock's vaſt weight
From the deep dark-mouth'd well his ſtrength re-[mov'd,
And to her circling ſheep refreſhment gave.

Such are the perils, ſuch the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But ſpeed thy flight, my muſe;
Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneaſy lie.

Now, jolly ſwains, the harveſt of your cares
Prepare to reap, and ſeek the ſounding caves
Of high Brigantium[q], where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's ſtrong ſons, with nervous arm, around
The ſteady anvil and the glaring maſs,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flatt'ning the ſteel; from their rough hands receive
The ſharpen'd inſtrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder ſpreads
Her ſilver flow'rs; if humble daiſies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant graſs,
Gay ſhearing-time approaches. Firſt, howe'er,

[q] *The caves of Brigantium — the forges of Sheffield in Yorkſhire, where the ſhepherds ſhears and all edge-tools are made.*

Drive

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Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the ſtruggler ſinks,
With his white flakes, that gliſten thro' the tide;
The ſturdy ruſtic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to ſeize him riſing; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid ſtream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then reſigns him to the funny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he ſhakes his dripping locks.
Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Leſt touch of buſy fly-blows wound their ſkin:
Thy peaceful ſubjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cheriſh and be gentle, while ye ſtrip
The downy veſture from their tender ſides.
Preſs not too cloſe; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in reg'lar rounds proceed:
But ſpeedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy ſwarm and ſcorching heat;

And

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And careful houſe them, if the low'ring clouds
Mingle their ſtores tumultuous: through the gloom
Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the cryſtal urns of heav'n: adown
Falls ſtreaming rain. Sometimes among the ſteeps
Of Cambrian glades, (pity the Cambrian glades)
Faſt tumbling brooks on brooks enormous ſwell,
And ſudden overwhelm their vaniſh'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked ſheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and ſtraw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.

At ſhearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural feſtivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbor all is joy
And luſty merriment: while on the graſs
The mingled youth in gaudy circles ſport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the ſhrill pipe, and deep retourn'ring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow ſound.

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While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, ſoftly mixt
With ev'ry murmur of the ſliding wave,
And ev'ry warble of the feather'd choir;
Muſic of paradiſe! which ſtill is heard,
When the heart liſtens; ſtill the views appear
Of the firſt happy garden, when content
To nature's flow'ry ſcenes directs the ſight.
Yet we abandon thoſe Elyſian walks,
Then idly for the loſt delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whoſe deſp'rate ſails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they ſee the leſs'ning ſhores retire,
And ſigh a farewell to the ſinking hills.

Could I recall thoſe notes, which once the muſe
Heard at a ſhearing, near the woody ſides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin[1]. Yet the carols ſweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. Firſt aroſe in ſong
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable ſwain,
The ſootheſt ſhepherd of the flow'ry vale.

[1] *Wreakin, a high hill in Shropſhire.*

"This

" This is no vulgar ſcene: no palace roof
" Was e'er ſo lofty, nor ſo nobly riſe
" Their poliſh'd pillars, as theſe aged oaks,
" Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmleſs ſports
" Thus have expanded wide their ſhelt'ring arms,
" Thrice told an hundred ſummers. Sweet content,
" Ye gentle ſhepherds, pillow us at night."
" Yes, tuneful DAMON, for our cares are ſhort,
" Riſing and falling with the chearful day,"
COLIN reply'd, " and pleaſing wearineſs
" Soon our unaching heads to ſleep inclines.
" Is it in cities ſo? where, poets tell,
" The cries of ſorrow ſadden all the ſtreets,
" And the diſeaſes of intemp'rate wealth.
" Alas, that any ills from wealth ſhould riſe!
" May the ſweet nightingale on yonder ſpray,
" May this clear ſtream, theſe lawns, thoſe ſnow-
" white lambs,
" Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
" Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
" May that great lamp, which ſinks behind the hills,
" And ſtreams around variety of lights,

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" Recall them erring: This is DAMON's wish.
" Huge Breaden's * stony summit once I climb'd
" After a kiddling: DAMON, what a scene!
" What various views unnumber'd spread beneath!
" Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, & torrent floods;
" And here & there, between the spiry rocks,
" The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,
" Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,
" Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:
" Yet flying from his quiet, thither crouds
" Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,
" Which comes too late; that courts the taste in vain,
" Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,
" Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;
" And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,
" We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
" Our snowy flocks, and wind the fleeky fleece."
" Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
DAMON reply'd, " while the SUPREME accounts
" Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike
" With king and priest: they also shepherds are;

* *Breaden, a hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.*

" For

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" For ſo th' All-ſeeing ſtiles them, to remind
" Elated man, forgetful of his charge."
" But haſte, begin the rites: ſee purple Eve
" Stretches her ſhadows: all ye nymphs and ſwains
" Hither aſſemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
" SABRINA, guardian of the cryſtal flood,
" Shall bleſs our cares, when ſhe by moonlight clear
" Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our ſleeping folds:
" Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,
" Where precious min'rals dart their purple gleams,
" Among her ſiſters ſhe reclines; the lov'd
" Vaga[t], profuſe of graces, Ryddol[t] rough,
" Blithe Yſtwith[t], and Clevedoc[t] ſwift of foot;
" And mingles various ſeeds of flow'rs, and herbs,
" In the divided torrents, ere they burſt
" Thro' the dark clouds, & down the mountain roll.
" Nor taint-worm ſhall infect the yeaning herds,
" Nor penny-graſs, nor ſpearwort's pois'nous leaf."
He ſaid: with light fantaſtic toe, the nymphs
Thither aſſembled, thither ev'ry ſwain;

[t] *Vaga, Ryddol, Yſtwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the ſprings of which riſe in the ſides of Plynlymmon.*

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And o'er the dimpled ſtream a thouſand flow'rs,
Pale lilies, roſes, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, ſprinkled with their ſportive arms.
Such cuſtom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn [u],
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet ſhe fled
The ſearch of Guendolen, her ſtepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
Spread on a moſſy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till ceaſe the rites: and now the moſſy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly chear
Diſpers'd in copious meaſure; early fruits,
And thoſe of frugal ſtore, in huſk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And caſt about their gibes; and ſome apace
Whiſtle to roundelays: their little ones
Look on delighted; while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes

[u] *Dolvoryn, a ruinous caſtle in Montgomeryſhire, on the banks of the Severn.*

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Of pipe, ſheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majeſtic wave of Severn ſlowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted ſail,
Linger among the reeds and copſy banks
To liſten, and to view the joyous ſcene.

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THE

FLEECE.

BOOK II.

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THE ARGUMENT.

INtroduction. Recommendation of mercifulneſs to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diverſity of wool in the fleece: ſkill in the aſſorting of it; particularly among the Dutch. The uſes of each ſort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lighteſt in common-fields: inconveniencies of common-fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet paſtures: yet all paſtures improveable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not eſteemed for wool. Countries eſteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its conſequences. Countries afterwards eſteemed for wool. The decay of arts and ſciences in the barbarous ages: their revival, firſt at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the preſent times. Wool the beſt of all the various materials for cloathing. The wool of our iſland, peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this ſubject. Biſhop Blaiſe the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Neceſſity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the proſperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

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THE FLEECE.

BOOK II.

NOW, of the ſever'd lock, begin the ſong,
With various numbers, thro' the ſimple theme,
To win attention: this, ye ſhepherd ſwains,
This is a labor. Yet, O WRAY, if Thou
Ceaſe not with ſkilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd muſe, above the graſſy vale,
And hills, and woods, ſhall, ſinging, ſoar aloft;
And He, whom learning, wiſdom, candor, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his ſire,
ROYSTON approve, and patronize the ſtrain.
Thro' all the brute creation, none, as ſheep,
To lordly man ſuch ample tribute pay,
For Him their udders yield nectareous ſtreams:
For Him their downy veſtures they reſign;

For

For Him they ſpread the feaſt: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameleſs fellow-creatures. Let diſeaſe,
Let waſted hunger, by deſtroying live;
And the permiſſion uſe with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond;
And gluttons ever murder, when they kill.
Ev'n to the reptile ev'ry cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the ſanguinary tribe are all;
All are not ſavage. Come, ye gentle ſwains,
Like Brama's healthy ſons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure ſtream and garden fruits ſuſtain,
Ye are the ſons of nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye ſhear, relieve.
Come, gentle ſwains, the bright unſully'd locks
Collect: alternate ſongs ſhall ſooth your cares,
And warbling muſic break from ev'ry ſpray.
Be faithful; and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round: nor alien flake, nor pitch enfold:
Stain not your ſtores with baſe deſire to add

Fallacious

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Fallacious weight: nor yet, to mimic thoſe,
Minute and light, of ſandy Urchinfield *,
Leſſen, with ſubtle artifice, the fleece:
Equal the fraud. Nor interpoſe delay,
Leſt buſy æther through the open wool
Debilitating paſs, and ev'ry film
Ruffle and ſully with the valley's duſt.
Guard too from moiſture, and the fretting moth
Pernicious: ſhe, in gloomy ſhade conceal'd,
Her lab'rinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.
But in looſe locks of fells ſhe moſt delights,
And feeble fleeces of diſtemper'd ſheep,
Whither ſhe haſtens, by the morbid ſcent
Allur'd; as the ſwift eagle to the fields
Of ſlaught'ring war or carnage: ſuch apart
Keep for their proper uſe. Our anceſtors
Selected ſuch, for hoſpitable beds
To reſt the ſtranger, or the gory chief,
From battle or the chaſe of wolves return'd.
When many-colour'd ev'ning ſinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and oppoſite

* *Urchinfield, the country about Roſs in Herefordſhire.*

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Riſes, full-orb'd, the ſilver harveſt-moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield
His ſcatter'd ſheaves collecting; then expect
The artiſts, bent on ſpeed, from pop'lous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverſe ev'ry plain,
And ev'ry dale, where farm or cottage ſmokes:
Reject them not; and let the ſeaſon's price
Win thy ſoft treaſures: let the bulky wain
Through duſty roads roll nodding; or the bark,
That ſilently adown the cerule ſtream
Glides with white ſails, diſpenſe the downy freight
To copſy villages on either ſide,
And ſpiry towns, where ready diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like ſtrong BRIAREUS, with his hundred hands.
In the ſame fleece diverſity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious ſkill to ſort the ſev'ral kinds.
But in this ſubtle ſcience none exceed
Th' induſtrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want: their ſpacious domes
With boundleſs hoſpitality receive

Each

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Each nation's outcaſts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd,
And unrejected age; ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual ſpeed,
They ſever lock from lock, and long, and ſhort,
And ſoft, and rigid, pile in ſev'ral heaps.
This the duſk hatter aſks; another ſhines,
Tempting the clothier; that the hoſier ſeeks;
The long bright lock is apt for airy ſtuffs;
But often it deceives the artiſt's care,
Breaking unuſeful in the ſteely comb:
For this long ſpungy wool no more increaſe
Receives, while winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of autumn ſtops: and what tho' ſpring
Succeeds with roſy finger, and ſpins on
The texture? yet in vain ſhe ſtrives to link
The ſilver twine to that of autumn's hand.
Be then the ſwain adviſ'd to ſhield his flocks
From winter's dead'ning froſts & whelming ſnows:
Let the loud tempeſt rattle on the roof,
While they, ſecure within, warm cribs enjoy,

And

And ſwell their fleeces, equal to the worth
Of cloath'd Apulian [x], by ſoft warmth improv'd:
Or let them inward heat and vigor find,
By food of cole or turnep, hardy plants.
Beſides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.

But lighteſt wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-fields: incloſe, incloſe, ye ſwains;
Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, muſt ſtain your motley flock,
To mark your property? The mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint: beſides, in fields
Promiſcuous held, all culture languiſhes;
The glebe, exhauſted, thin ſupply receives;
Dull waters reſt upon the ruſhy flats
And barren furrows: none the riſing grove
There plants for late poſterity, nor hedge
To ſhield the flock, nor copſe for chearing fire;

[x] *The ſhepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, uſed to clothe their ſheep with ſkins, to preſerve and improve their fleeces.*

And,

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And, in the distant village, ev'ry hearth
Devours the grassy sword, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain;
Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
Increasing beggary and nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilf'rer easier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he steals; or when,
With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,
The milky stalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,
The year's slow-rip'ning fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.

There are, who over-rate our spungy stores;
Who deem that nature grants no clime, but ours,
To spread upon its fields the dews of heav'n,
And feed the silky fleece; that card, nor comb,
The hairy wool of Gaul can e'er subdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unless a third from Britain swell the heap:
Illusion all; though of our sun and air
Not trivial is the virtue: nor their fruit,

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Upon our ſnowy flocks, of ſmall eſteem:
The grain of brighteſt tincture none ſo well
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins muſt to this
Bear witneſs, and the coſtlieſt of their looms.
And though, with hue of crocus or of roſe,
No pow'r of ſubtle food, or air, or ſoil,
Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vaſe.
Therefore from herbage of old-paſtur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marl,
Where grow the whiteſt locks, collect thy ſtores.
Thoſe fields regard not, through whoſe recent turf
The miry ſoil appears: not ev'n the ſtreams
Of Yare, or ſilver Stroud, can purify
Their frequent-ſully'd fleece; nor what rough winds,
Keen-biting on tempeſtuous hills, imbrown.
Yet much may be perform'd, to check the force
Of nature's rigor: the high heath, by trees
Warm-ſhelter'd, may deſpiſe the rage of ſtorms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to ſmile,
And leave in dykes their ſoon-forgotten tears.
Labor and art will ev'ry aim atchieve

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Of noble boſoms. Bedford Level[r], erſt
A dreary pathleſs waſte, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform;
And, ſmiling with her lure of ſummer flow'rs,
The heavy ox, vain-ſtruggling, to ingulph;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name,
Russel, aroſe, who drain'd the ruſhy fen,
Confin'd the waves, bid groves and gardens bloom,
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, ſilver-winding ſtreams:
Godlike beneficence; from chaos drear
To raiſe the garden and the ſhady grove.

But ſee Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeaſurable tract. The traveller
Slow tries his mazy ſtep on th' yielding tuft,
Shudd'ring with fear: Ev'n ſuch perfidious wilds,
By labor won, have yielded to the comb
The faireſt length of wool. See Deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil
Gives nature value, multiplies her ſtores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis art and toil

[r] *Bedford Level in Cambridgeſhire.*

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Teaches her woody hills with fruits to ſhine,
The pear and taſteful apple; decks with flow'rs
And foodful pulſe the fields, that often riſe,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot toil,
With patient art, effect? There was a time,
When other regions were the ſwains delight,
And ſhepherdleſs Britannia's ruſhy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labor knew,
But of rude baſkets, homely ruſtic geer,
Wov'n of the flexile willow; till, at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient culture, and, o'er ſinking woods,
High Cotſwold ſhow'd her ſummits. Urchinfield,
And Lemſter's crofts, beneath the pheaſant's brake,
Long lay unnoted. Toil new paſture gives;
And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
O'er leſs'ning vineyards ſpreads the growing turf.
In eldeſt times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleating ſheepfolds met, for pureſt wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracts were moſt renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,

Hermon,

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Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky ſides:
Twice with the murex, crimſon hue, they ting'd
The ſhining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence aroſe the walls of ancient Tyre.
Next buſy Colchis, bleſs'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid ſtream
Of Phaſis boaſted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying PHRYXUS brought,
The fam'd Theſſalian ram enrich'd her plains.
This riſing Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful JASON an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the muſes' haunts,
He rous'd the brave to redemand the fleece.
Attend, ye Britiſh ſwains, the ancient ſong.
From ev'ry region of Ægea's ſhore
The brave aſſembled; thoſe illuſtrious twins,
CASTOR and POLLUX; ORPHEUS, tuneful bard;
ZETES and CALAIS, as the wind in ſpeed;
Strong HERCULES; and many a chief renown'd.
On deep Iolcos' ſandy ſhore they throng'd,

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Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And ſoon, the laurel cord and the huge ſtone
Up-lifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark;
Whoſe keel, of wond'rous length, the ſkilful hand
Of ARGUS faſhion'd for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty maſt
Up-rais'd, and ſails full-ſwelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now firſt, now they learn'd
Their bolder ſteerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden ſtars, as CHIRON's art
Had mark'd the ſphere celeſtial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep: the cloudy iſles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, riſe,
And Haloneſos: ſoon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her miſts, and brightens all her cliffs:
While they, her flatt'ring creeks and op'ning bow'rs
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Caſt out the cabled ſtone upon the ſtrand.
Next to the Myſian ſhore they ſhape their courſe,
But with too eager haſte: in the white foam
His oar ALCIDES breaks; howe'er, not long

The

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The chance detains; he ſprings upon the ſhore,
And, rifting from the roots a tap'ring pine,
Renews his ſtroke. Between the threat'ning tow'rs
Of Helleſpont they ply the rugged ſurge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal: then ſmooth Propontis' wid'ning wave,
That like a glaſſy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Boſporus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,
Thro' the ſharp-pointed cliffs and thund'ring floods
Cleave their bold paſſage: nathleſs by the craggs
And torrents ſorely ſhatter'd: as the ſtrong
Eagle or vulture, in th' intangling net
Involv'd, breaks thro', yet leaves his plumes behind.
Thus, thro' the wide waves, their ſlow way they force
To Thynia's hoſpitable iſle. The brave
Paſs many perils, and to fame by ſuch
Experience riſe. Refreſh'd, again they ſpeed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd ſtreams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths

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Of Aſparus and Glaucus, rolling ſwift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-ſought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phaſis. Foremoſt on the ſtrand
Jason advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wond'ring he view'd, and ſtately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury: around,
In ev'ry glitt'ring hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-ſounding ſquares and ſtreets,
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of ſhepherds, proud Æetes, by the name
Sometimes of king diſtinguiſh'd, 'gan to ſlight
The ſhepherd's trade, and turn to ſong and dance;
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's ſongs
Of joy, and roſy youth, and beauty's charms,
With magic ſweetneſs lull'd his cares aſleep,
Till the bold heroes graſp'd the golden fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, ſurrounded ſoon
By Neptune's friendly waves: ſecure they ſpeed

O'er

O'er the known ſeas, by ev'ry guiding cape,
With proſperous return. The myrtle ſhores,
And glaſſy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Ev'ry vale,
And ev'ry hillock, touch'd the tuneful ſtops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.
Thus Phaſis loſt his pride: his ſlighted nymphs
Along the with'ring dales and paſtures mourn'd;
The trade-ſhip left his ſtreams; the merchant ſhun'd
His deſart borders; each ingenious art,
Trade, liberty, and affluence, all retir'd,
And left to want and ſervitude their ſeats;
Vile ſucceſſors, and gloomy ignorance
Following, like dreary night, whoſe ſable hand
Hangs on the purple ſkirts of flying day.
Sithence the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic, and Theſſalian, bore eſteem;
And thoſe in Grecian colonies diſpers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Iönia's coaſt,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galeſus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through ſolitary vallies ſeeks the ſea.

Of

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Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
High-crown'd, whoſe woods and ſnowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blaſt.
Thoſe too of Bœtica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage bleſs'd of higheſt taſte,
What need I name? The Turdetanian tract,
Or rich Coraxus, whoſe wide looms unroll'd
The fineſt webs? where ſcarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only tin
To late-improv'd Britannia gave renown.

Lo the revolving courſe of mighty time,
Who loftineſs abaſes, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majeſty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her ſplendid ſtreets,
The ſnowy veſt of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmeſt litter'd cotes,
Or ſunny meadows, cloath'd with coſtly care?
All in the ſolitude of ruin loſt,
War's horrid carnage, vain ambition's duſt.

Long lay the mournful realms of elder fame

In

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In gloomy desolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy waste emerg'd:
In Adria's gulph her clotted locks she lav'd,
And rose another Venus: each soft joy,
Each aid of life, her busy wit restor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely arts,
And all the graces. Restituted trade
To ev'ry virtue lent his helping stores,
And chear'd the vales around; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the chearful lawn.

The glossy fleeces now of prime esteem
Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Cassimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves, [lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region term'd
The paradise of Indus. Next, the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbor stretch'd immense,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worshipp'd prince, whose lust is law;
Remote dominions; nor to ancient fame
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,

Faithful,

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Faithful, ſagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their diſtant climes advent'rous trade,
Add too the ſilky wool of Lybian lands,
Of Caza's bow'ry dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas ſpreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary ſhoulders bend.
Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Caſtile, and mild Segovian glades.
And beauteous Albion, ſince great Edgar chas'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of ſilky luſtre; chief, Siluria, thine;
Thine, Vaga, favour'd ſtream; from ſheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
Gay Epſom's too, and Banſtead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's iſle, that ſhelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders: or Salopian ſtores,
Thoſe which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
High Cotſwold alſo 'mong the ſhepherd ſwains
Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet: He [z], whoſe ruſtic muſe
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing diſplay'd,

[z] *Drayton.*

And

And ſung the boſky bourns of ALFRED's ſhires,
Has favour'd Cotſwold with luxuriant praiſe.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leiceſtria's marly plains, for length
Of whiteſt locks and magnitude of fleece
Peculiar; envy of the neigh'bring realms?
But why recount our graſſy lawns alone,
While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
With boſſy turnep, and luxuriant cole,
Learns thro' the circling year their flocks to feed.
Ingenious trade, to clothe the naked world,
Her ſoft materials, not from ſheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and ſtones,
Collects ſagacious: in Eubœa's iſle
A wond'rous rock [a] is found, of which are wov'n
Veſts incombuſtible: Batavia, flax;
Siam's warm mariſh yields the fiſſile cane;
Soft Perſia, ſilk; Balaſor's ſhady hills
Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, graſs;
And ev'ry ſultry clime the ſnowy down
Of cotton, burſting from its ſtubborn ſhell

[a] *A wond'rous rock—the Aſbeſtos.*

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To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With glossy hair of Tibet's shagged goat
Are light tiara's wov'n, that wreath the head,
And airy float behind: the beavers slix
Gives kindliest warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood slow rises through the veins.
Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherds stores,
For num'rous uses known: none yield such warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure;
So pliant to the loom, so various, none.

Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they bear,
In fervid climes: nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth:
As the sleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad resigns it for the hatter's use.

Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's [b] glades,
And Canses' [b], echo to the pipes and flocks

[b] *Apacheria and Canses, provinces in Louisiana, on the western side of the Mississippi.*

Of

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Of foreign swains. While time shakes down his sands,
And works continual change, be none secure:
Quicken your labors, brace your slack'ning nerves,
Ye Britons; nor sleep careless on the lap
Of bounteous nature; she is elsewhere kind.
See Missisippi lengthen on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds: see the sheep [c]
Of fertile Arica [d], like camels form'd;
Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore,
And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down.
Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use;
They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
Lab'ring at the wet shrouds, or stubborn helm,
While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear;
Nor what, from fleece Ratæan [e], mimic flow'rs
Of rich Damascus: many a texture bright
Of that material in Prætorium [f] wov'n,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.

[c] *These sheep are called Guanapos.*
[d] *Arica, a province of Peru.*
[e] *Ratæan fleeces, the fleeces of Leicestershire.*
[f] *Prætorium, Coventry.*

If

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If any wool peculiar to our isle
Is giv'n by nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown flake.
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
This golden fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
From the dark hand of pilf'ring avarice,
Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When nature wide around him lies supine
And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd
Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumes the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvas, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.

Happy the patriot, who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a gen'rous aid
To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
Or where the Lune[g] or Coker[g] wind their streams,
Be found sufficient? Far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury arise.

[g] *Lune, a river in Cumberland. Coker, a river in Lancashire.*

O might

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O might their mazy dales, and mountain sides,
With copious fleeces of Iernè shine,
And gulphy Caledonia, wisely bent
On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs;
Then would the sister realms, amid their seas,
Like the three graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And bless remotest climes—To this lov'd end
Awake, Benevolence; to this lov'd end,
Strain all thy nerves, and ev'ry thought explore.
Far, far away, whose passions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride) for your repast alone,
Who claim all nature's flores, woods, waters, meads,
All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp
The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the sepulchre of Self entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot use.
Know, for superior ends th' Almighty Pow'r
(The Pow'r, whose tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life.
And forms us manifold; allots to each

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His fair peculiar; wiſdom, wit, and ſtrength;
Wiſdom, and wit, and ſtrength, in ſweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counſel, to protect,
And twiſt the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
With man united, is a nation ſtrong;
Builds tow'ry cities, ſatiates ev'ry want,
And makes the ſeas profound, and foreſts wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
For the high buſineſs of the public good.

For me, 'tis mine to pray, that men regard
Their occupations with an honeſt heart,
And chearful diligence: like the uſeful bee,
To gather for the hive not ſweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may ſooth diſtreſs, and raiſe the fall'n,
In life's rough race: O be it as my wiſh!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

For this, I wake the weary hours of reſt;
With this deſire, the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd, the ſhepherd's hut I ſeek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear

Attentive,

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Attentive, pleas'd with pure ſimplicity,
And rules divulg'd beneficent to ſheep:
Or turn the compaſs o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's ſtream,
Cold Hudſon's cloudy ſtreights, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean foſſe,
And China's long canals; thoſe noble works,
Thoſe high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, ſedulous of public weal:
Yet not unmindful of my ſacred charge;
Thus alſo mindful, thus deviſing good,
At vacant ſeaſons, oft; when ev'ning mild
Purples the vallies, and the ſhepherd counts
His flock, returning to the quiet fold,
With dumb complacence: for Religion, this,
To give our ev'ry comfort to diſtreſs,
And follow virtue with an humble mind;
This pure Religion. Thus, in elder time,
The rev'rend Blasius wore his leiſure hours,
And ſlumbers, broken oft: till, fill'd at length
With inſpiration, after various thought,
And trials manifold, his well-known voice

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Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian ſtoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and ſpiky comb,
Shew'd how the fleece might ſtretch to greater length,
And caſt a gloſſier whiteneſs. Wheels went round;
Matrons and maids with ſongs reliev'd their toils;
And ev'ry loom receiv'd the ſofter yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blasius, did not bleſs,
Thy teaching hand? thy boſom, like the morn,
Op'ning its wealth? What nation did not ſeek,
Of thy new-modell'd wool, the curious webs?

Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly feſtals: through their ſtreets
The pomp, with tuneful ſounds, and order juſt,
Denoting labor's happy progreſs, moves,
Proceſſion ſlow and ſolemn: firſt the rout;
Then ſervient youth, and magiſterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His ſway, and office, in the commonweal;
And to the board of ſmiling plenty's ſtores
Aſſemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of ev'ry clime are pil'd; and with free hand,
Toil only taſtes the feaſt, by nerveleſs eaſe
Unreliſh'd.

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Unreliſh'd. Various mirth and ſong reſound;
And oft they interpoſe improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks, from experience, that ſometimes ariſe;
Till night weighs down the ſenſe, or morning's dawn
Rouſes to labor, man to labor born.

Then the ſleek bright'ning lock, from hand to [hand,
Renews its circling courſe: this feels the card;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;
And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.

For it ſuffices not, in flow'ry vales,
Only to tend the flock, and ſhear ſoft wool:
Gums muſt be ſtor'd of Guinea's arid coaſt;
Mexican woods, and India's bright'ning ſalts;
Fruits, herbage, ſulphurs, minerals, to ſtain
The fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen allum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye obſerve,
In what variety the tribe of ſalts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, abſterſive or reſtringent; how

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Steel casts the sable; how pale pewter, fus'd
In fluid spirit'ous, the scarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mixt, or chang'd,
By mediums colourless: why is the fume
Of sulphur kind to white and azure hues,
Pernicious else: why no materials yield
Singly their colours, those except that shine
With topaz, sapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, though nature's face is cloath'd in green,
No green is found to beautify the fleece,
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.
To find effects, while causes lie conceal'd,
Reason uncertain tries: howe'er, kind chance
Oft with equivalent discov'ry pays
Its wand'ring efforts; thus the German sage,
Diligent Drebet, o'er alchymic fire,
Seeking the secret source of gold, receiv'd
Of alter'd cochineal the crimson store.
Tyrian Melcartus thus (the first who brought
Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,
And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
Of Hercules acquir'd), when o'er the mouth

Of

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Of his attendant ſheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex ſtrike a purple ſtain,
The purple ſtain on fleecy woofs he ſpread,
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to riſing Tyre.
Our vallies yield not, or but ſparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,
By which our naked anceſtors obſcur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with myſtic forms,
Like Egypt's obeliſks. The pow'rful ſun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which Trade to us conveys. Not tints alone,
Trade to the good phyſician gives his balms;
Gives chearing cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare;
And when the prieſt diſplays, in juſt diſcourſe,
HIM, the all-wiſe CREATOR, and declares
His preſence, pow'r, and goodneſs, unconfin'd,
'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills

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His lips with argument. To cenſure Trade,
Or hold her buſy people in contempt,
Let none preſume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To ſeeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies; paſſions ſwift
Forerunning reaſon; ſtrong contrarious bents,
The ſteps of men diſperſing wide abroad
O'er realms and ſeas. There, in the ſolemn ſcene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The cleareſt Senſe of Deity receive,
Who view the wideſt proſpect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade thro' various climes:
Who ſee the ſignatures of boundleſs love,
Nor leſs the judgments of Almighty Pow'r,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'ſcapes
From human juſtice: who, aſtoniſh'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempeſtuous fires;
The duſt of Carthage; defart ſhores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd ſummit, crown'd of old
With ſtately tow'rs; whoſe merchants, from their iſles,

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And radiant thrones, aſſembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their ſhaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damaſcus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirſty for the double tint,
And flow'ring ſhuttle. While th' admiring world
Crowded her ſtreets; ah! then the hand of pride
Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,
Which crept deſtructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of ſome tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not ev'n the duſt they ſunk in; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the ſtormy deep:
Only the ſolitary rock remains,
Her ancient ſcite; a monument to thoſe,
Who toil and wealth exchange for ſloth and pride.

THE

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THE

FLEECE.

BOOK III.

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THE ARGUMENT.

INtroduction. Recommendation of labor. The ſeveral methods of ſpinning. Deſcription of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill deſcribed, and the progreſs of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill conſequences of idleneſs. Country-workhouſes propoſed; with a deſcription of one. Good effects of induſtry exemplified in the proſpect of Burſtal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there deſcribed. Preference of the labors of the loom to other manufactures, illuſtrated by ſome compariſons. Hiſtory of the art of weaving: its removal from the Netherlands, and ſettlement in ſeveral parts of England. Cenſure of thoſe, who would reject the perſecuted and the ſtranger. Our trade and proſperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapeſtry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapeſtries of Blenheim deſcribed. Different arts, procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their induſtry, the ſureſt ſource of it. Hence a wiſh, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers, through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the ſeats of our manufactures: other countries leſs happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more eaſily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Deſcription of the Thames, and the port of London.

THE

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THE

FLEECE.

BOOK III.

PROCEED, Arcadian muſe, reſume the pipe
Of Hermes, long diſus'd, tho' ſweet the tone,
And to the ſongs of nature's choriſters
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few: for ev'ry note which virtue wounds,
However pleaſing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is diſcord. Yet too oft
Has falſe diſſembling vice to am'rous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedleſs youth allur'd:
Too oft, with bolder ſound, enflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and ſheepfolds were the muſes' haunts.
So thou, the friend of ev'ry virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, ſhalt theſe rural lays
Approve,

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Approve, O Heathcote, whoſe benevolence
Viſits our vallies; where the paſture ſpreads,
And where the bramble; and would juſtly act
True charity, by teaching idle want
And vice the inclination to do good,
Good to themſelves, and in themſelves to all,
Through grateful toil. Even nature lives by toil:
Beaſt, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at reſt,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Faſhion'd, improv'd, by labor. This of old,
Wiſe ſtates obſerving, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the ſpade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating ſheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence ſtrength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What ſimple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;

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'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the fleece,
(Yet uſeleſs, riſing in unſhapen heaps)
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A veſture uſefully ſuccinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The ſcatter'd miſts reveal the duſky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn aſcends,
And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming ſpires; ariſe, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the ſpiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in ſoft flakes, and ſwell the whiten'd floor.
Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the ſoft material: with light ſtep
Whether ye turn around the ſpacious wheel,
Or, patient ſitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand aſſiſt
To guide and ſtretch the gently-leſs'ning thread:
Even, unknotted twine will praiſe your ſkill.
A diff'rent ſpinning ev'ry diff'rent web

Aſks

Asks from your glowing fingers: some require
The more compact, and some the looser wreath;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: scarce the cirque
Need turn-around, or twine the length'ning flake.
There are, to speed their labor, who prefer
Wheels double-spol'd, which yield to either hand
A sev'ral line: and many, yet adhere
To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk:
At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method still
Norvicum favours, and the Icenian[h] towns:
It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of spinning, when th' Egyptian prince
A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,

[h] *The Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk.*

Sagacious,

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Sagacious, has a ſpiral engine [1] form'd,
Which, on an hundred ſpoles, an hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapſe of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; eaſy-tended work,
That copiouſly ſupplies the greedy loom.
Nor hence, ye nymphs, let anger cloud your brows;
The more is wrought, the more is ſtill requir'd:
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted ſong, proceed:
Fear not ſurcharge; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the ſtrife of trade,
Theſe curious inſtruments of ſpeed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exerciſe, as fountains ſure,
Which, ever-gliding, feed the flow'ry lawn.
Nor, ſhould the careful State, ſeverely kind,
In ev'ry province, to the houſe of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain:
Yours, with the public good, ſhall ever riſe,
Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs

[1] *Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.*

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The bleating ſheep and ſhepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the gliſt'ning fleece,
And th' am'rous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choiceſt of his ſonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.
The am'rous youth with various hopes inflam'd,
Now on the buſy ſtage ſee him ſtep forth,
With beating breaſt: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich induſtry. Firſt, he beſpeaks a loom:
From ſome thick wood the carpenter ſelects
A ſlender oak, or beech of gloſſy trunk,
Or ſaplin aſh: he ſhapes the ſturdy beam,
The poſts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
The ſmith, with iron ſcrews, and plated hoops,
Confirms the ſtrong machine, and gives the bolt
That ſtrains the roll. To theſe the turner's lathe,
And graver's knife, the hollow ſhuttle add.
Various profeſſions in the work unite:
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of ſubtle ſkill;
Howe'er, in vulgar uſe around the globe
Frequent obſerv'd, of high antiquity

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No doubtful mark: th' advent'rous voyager,
Toſs'd over ocean to remoteſt ſhores,
Hears on remoteſt ſhores the murm'ring loom;
Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd field,
The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the diſcipline
Of ſtrong-yok'd ſteers. What needful art is new?

Next, the induſtrious youth employs his care
To ſtore ſoft yarn; and now he ſtrains the warp
Along the garden walk, or highway ſide,
Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
And ſits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready ſhuttle glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof, and ſhut altern:
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Againſt the web is driv'n the noiſy frame,
That o'er the level ruſhes, like a ſurge,
Which, often daſhing on the ſandy beach,
Compacts the trav'ller's road: from hand to hand
Again, acroſs the lines oft op'ning, glides
The thready ſhuttle, while the web apace
Increaſes, as the light of eaſtern ſkies,
Spread by the roſy fingers of the morn;

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And all the fair expanſe with beauty glows.
Or if the broader mantle be the taſk,
He chuſes ſome companion to his toil.
From ſide to ſide, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converſe, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the op'ning mind.
What need we name the ſev'ral kinds of looms?
Thoſe delicate, to whoſe fair-colour'd threads
Hang figur'd weights, whoſe various numbers guide
The artiſt's hand: he, unſeen flow'rs, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
Or that, whoſe num'rous needles, glitt'ring bright,
Weave the warm hoſe to cover tender limbs:
Modern invention: modern is the want.
Next, from the ſlacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near ſome clear-ſliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noiſy fulling-mill receiv'd;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, riſing and deſcending, learn
To imitate the induſtry of man.
Oft the wet web is ſteep'd, and often rais'd,

Faſt-

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Faſt-dripping, to the river's graſſy bank;
And ſinewy arms of men, with full-ſtrain'd ſtrength,
Wring out the latent water: then, up-hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid ſun
Its level ſurface, reeking, it expands;
Still bright'ning in each rigid diſcipline,
And gath'ring worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's ſhears,
And burler's thiſtle, ſkim the ſurface ſheen.
The round of work goes on, from day to day,
Seaſon to ſeaſon. So the huſbandman
Purſues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The ſeed is ſown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe ſubdues;
The fickle labors, and the ſlow team ſtrains;
Till grateful harveſt-home rewards his toils.
Th' ingenious artiſt, learn'd in drugs, beſtows
The laſt improvement; for th' unlabor'd fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The ſnowy web is ſteep'd, with grain of weld,
Fuſtic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,

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Or the dark purple pulp of Pictiſh woad,
Of ſtain tenacious, deep as ſummer ſkies,
Like thoſe, that canopy the bow'rs of Stow
After ſoft rains, when birds their notes attune,
Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

From yon broad vaſe behold the ſaffron woofs
Beauteous emerge; from theſe the azure riſe;
This glows with crimſon; that the auburn holds;
Theſe ſhall the prince with purple robes adorn;
And thoſe the warrior mark, and thoſe the prieſt.

Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues ariſe.

That ſtain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
Diſſolving water's, and calcining ſun's,
And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
With utmoſt caution to prepare the woof,
To ſeek the beſt-adapted dyes, and ſalts,
And pureſt gums! ſince your whole ſkill conſiſts
In op'ning well the fibres of the woof,
For the reception of the beauteous dye,
And wedging ev'ry grain in ev'ry pore,

Firm

Firm as a diamond in gold enchas'd.

But what the pow'rs, which lock them in the web;
Whether incruſting ſalts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we loſt our old repute?
And who enquires the cauſe, why Gallia's ſons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not, Britons; graſp in ev'ry art
The foremoſt name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's ſtrand,
The haughty Turk deſpiſe their proffer'd bales.

Now ſee, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
The welcome traders, gath'ring ev'ry web
Induſtrious, ev'ry web too few. Alas!
Succeſsleſs oft their induſtry, when ceaſe
The loom and ſhuttle in the troubled ſtreets;
Their motion ſtopt by wild intemperance,
Toil's ſcoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To ſcorn their taſk-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude ſteps; while miſery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mould'ring huts.

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O when, through ev'ry province, ſhall be rais'd
Houſes of labor, ſeats of kind conſtraint,
For thoſe, who now delight in fruitleſs ſports,
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honeſt wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who ſeek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For ſuſtenance unearn'd; who ſtroll abroad
From houſe to houſe, with miſchievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppreſs'd,
Who tread the rough highways, & mountains wild,
Through ſtorms, and rains, and bitterneſs of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happineſs: the long-wiſh'd day-light dawns,
When charitable rigor ſhall detain
Your ſtep-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the ſons of trade,
Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets ſmile,
Erect the manſion [k]: here ſoft fleeces ſhine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:

[k] *Erect the manſion* — *This alludes to the workhouſes at Briſtol, Birmingham, &c.*

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Here ſhroud you from the thunder of the ſtorm;
No rain ſhall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure bev'rage; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each ſickneſs the phyſician waits,
And prieſt entreats to give your MAKER praiſe.
Behold, in Calder's[1] vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villa's creep the ſhrubby hills,
A ſpacious dome for this fair purpoſe riſe.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
ELIZA's image ſtands. By gentle ſteps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we ſlowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with ſilent joy,
The ſprightly ſcene; where many a buſy hand,
Where ſpoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
And ever-murm'ring ſound, th' unwonted ſenſe
Wrap in ſurpriſe. To ſee them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the ſpreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can beſtow. Nor leſs they gain

[1] *Calder, a river in Yorkſhire, which runs below Halifax, and paſſes by Wakefield.*

Virtue

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Virtue than wealth, while, on their uſeful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal ſcale
Some deal abroad the well-aſſorted fleece;
Theſe card the ſhort, thoſe comb the longer flake;
Others the harſh and clotted lock receive,
Yet ſever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper uſe. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the eaſy work of winding yarn
On ſwiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks:
Such joy ariſes in the mind employ'd.
Another ſcene diſplays the more robuſt,
Raſping or grinding tough Braſilian woods,
And what Campeachy's diſputable ſhore
Copious affords to tinge the thirſty web;
And the Caribbee iſles, whoſe dulcet canes
Equal the honey-comb. We next are ſhown
A circular machine[m], of new deſign,

[m] *A moſt curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at preſent contrived to ſpin cotton; but it may be made to ſpin fine carded wool.*

In

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In conic ſhape: it draws and ſpins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needleſs hands.
A wheel, inviſible, beneath the floor,
To ev'ry member of th' harmonious frame
Gives neceſſary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he ſays,
Is ſmoothly lapp'd around thoſe cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright ſpindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

From this delightful manſion (if we ſeek
Still more to view the gifts which honeſt toil
Diſtributes) take we now our eaſtward courſe,
To the rich fields of Burſtal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, ſmile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
Of buſy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incenſe of thankſgiving: all is joy;
And trade and buſineſs guide the living ſcene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the ſlow-ſailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of ſlow-pac'd ſteeds.

As

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As when a ſunny day invites abroad
The ſedulous ants, they iſſue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haſte
With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and ſucceed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious ſtore of corn:
The grazier's ſleeky kine obſtruct the roads:
The neat dreſs'd houſewives, for the feſtal board
Crown'd with full baſkets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; th' echoing hills repeat
The ſtroke of ax and hammer; ſcaffolds riſe,
And growing edifices; heaps of ſtone,
Beneath the chiſſel, beauteous ſhapes aſſume
Of frize and column. Some, with even line,
New ſtreets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,
And ſacred domes of worſhip. Induſtry,
Which dignifies the artiſt, lifts the ſwain,
And the ſtraw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work preſides. Such was the ſcene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief

First

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First view'd her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose redd'ning fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For ev'ry realm, the careful factors meet,
Whisp'ring each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like war's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,
Which ends the hour of traffick, they conclude
The speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.
  Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labor and endurance: deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies:
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies; with the fatigue,

And

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And tedious proceſs of its painful works,
The luſty ſicken, and the feeble die.
But chearful are the labors of the loom,
By health and eaſe accompany'd: they bring
Superior treaſures ſpeedier to the ſtate,
Than thoſe of deep Peruvian mines, where ſlaves
(Wretched requital) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale palſy's baneful cup. Our happy ſwains
Behold ariſing, in their fatt'ning flocks,
A double wealth; more rich than Belgium's boaſt,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayan's, whoſe ignobler care
Nurſes the ſilk worm; or of India's ſons,
Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' ſtream.
Nor do their toils and products furniſh more,
Than gauds and dreſſes, of fantaſtic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give cloathing to neceſſity; keep warm
Th' unhappy wand'rer, on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempeſt beats around.
No, ye ſoft ſons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate, life little needs

Your

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Your fem'nine toys, nor aſks your nerveleſs arm
To caſt the ſtrong-flung ſhuttle, or the ſpear.
Can ye defend your country from the ſtorm
Of ſtrong Invaſion? Can ye want endure,
In the beſieged fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten veſſel ſteer,
Climb the tall maſt, direct the ſtubborn helm,
Mid wild diſcordant waves, with ſteady courſe?
Can ye lead out, to diſtant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious perſecution driv'n,
And arm their breaſts with fortitude to try
New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful pow'r of tyrants? Theſe are deeds
To which their hardy labors well prepare
The ſinewy arm of Albion's ſons. Purſue,
Ye ſons of Albion, with unyielding heart,
Your hardy labors: let the ſounding loom
Mix with the melody of ev'ry vale;
The loom, that long-renown'd, wide-envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd
From fair Venetia; ſhe from Grecian nymphs;

They

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They from Phenicé, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus, around the globe,
The golden-footed ſciences their path
Mark, like the ſun, enkindling life and joy;
And, follow'd cloſe by ignorance and pride,
Lead day and night o'er realms. Our day aroſe
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld.
With ſpeedy wing, and ſcatter'd courſe, they fled,
Like a community of bees, diſturb'd
By ſome relentleſs ſwain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza, to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wiſe Ægypt erſt
To troubled Nilus, whoſe nutritious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then, from fair Antwerp, an induſtrious train
Croſs'd the ſmooth channel of our ſmiling ſeas;
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of ſpacious Medway: ſome on gentle Yare,
And fertile Waveney, pitch'd; and made their ſeats
Pleaſant Norvicum, and Colceſtria's tow'rs:

Some

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Some to the Darent ſped their happy way:
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, choſe
Antona's chalky plains, and ſtretch'd their tents
Down to Clauſentum, and that bay ſupine
Beneath the ſhade of Vecta's cliffy iſle.
Soon o'er the hoſpitable realm they ſpread,
With cheer reviv'd; and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd:
Not undelighted with Vigornia's ſpires,
Nor thoſe, by Vaga's ſtream, from ruins rais'd
Of ancient Ariconium; nor leſs pleas'd
With Salop's various ſcenes; and that ſoft tract
Of Cambria, deep-embay'd, Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
Nurſe of the ruſtic bard, who now reſounds
The fortunes of the fleece; whoſe anceſtors
Were fugitives from ſuperſtition's rage,
And erſt, from Devon, thither brought the loom;
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's tow'rs,
Nodding, ſtill on their gloomy brows project
Lancaſtria's arms, emboſs'd in mould'ring ſtone.
Thus then, on Albion's coaſt, the exil'd band,

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From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld alighted; and, alighting, ſang
Grateful thankſgiving. Yet, at times, they ſhift
Their habitations, when the hand of pride,
Reſtraint, or ſouthern luxury, diſturbs
Their induſtry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inſpirited, their art improves the fleece,
Which occupation erſt, and wealth immenſe,
Gave Brabant's ſwarming habitants, what time
We were their ſhepherds only; from which ſtate,
With friendly arm, they rais'd us: nathleſs ſome
Among our old and ſtubborn ſwains miſdeem'd,
And envy'd, who enrich'd them; envy'd thoſe,
Whoſe virtues taught the varletry of towns
To uſeful toil to turn the pilf'ring hand.
And ſtill, when bigotry's black clouds ariſe
(For oft they ſudden riſe in papal realms),
They from their iſle, as from ſome ark ſecure,
Careleſs, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of ſuperſtition, and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling ſtorm,

Which

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Which fierce purſues the ſuff'rers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, ſhall not Britannia's arms
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by diſtreſſes oft
(Diſtreſſes for the ſake of truth endur'd)
Corrected, dignify'd; creating good
Where-ever they inhabit: this, our iſle
Has oft experienc'd; witneſs all ye realms
Of either hemiſphere, where commerce flows:
Th' important truth is ſtampt on ev'ry bale;
Each gloſſy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
Receives th' impreſſion; ev'ry airy woof,
Cheyney, and bayſe, and ſerge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countleſs liſt
Of woollen webs; and ev'ry work of ſteel;
And that cryſtalline metal, blown or fus'd,
Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
Of moſſy marble: not to name the aids
Their wit has giv'n the fleece, now taught to link
With flax, or cotton, or the ſilk-worm's thread,
And gain the graces of variety:
Whether to form the matron's decent robe,

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Or the thin-ſhading trail for Agra's [a] nymphs;
Or ſolemn curtains, whoſe long gloomy folds
Surround the ſoft pavilions of the rich.
They too the many-colour'd Arras taught
To mimic nature, and the airy ſhapes
Of ſportive fancy: ſuch as oft appear
In old Moſaic pavements, when the plough
Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field;
Or that, o'erſhaded erſt by Woodſtock's bow'r,
Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whoſe ſtately rooms
Riſe glowing tapeſtries, that lure the eye
With MARLB'RO's wars: here Schellenbergh exults,
Behind ſurrounding hills of ramparts ſteep,
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous paſs
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
Another ſcene is Blenheim's glorious field,
And the red Danube. Here, the reſcu'd ſtates
Crowding beneath his ſhield: there, Ramillies'

[a] *There is woven at Manchester, for the East-Indies, a very thin stuff, of thread and cotton; which is cooler than the manufactures of that country, where the material is only cotton.*

Important

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Important battle: next, the tenfold chain
Of Arleux burſt, and th' adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A ſhade obſcures the reſt—Ah, then what pow'r
Invidious from the lifted ſickle ſnatch'd
The harveſt of the plain? So lively glows
The fair deluſion, that our paſſions riſe
In the beholding, and the glories ſhare
Of viſionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of pagan hands,
While ſhe aſſay'd with rage of holy war
To deſolate their fields: but old the ſkill:
Long were the Phrygians' pict'ring looms renown'd;
Tyre alſo, wealthy ſeat of arts, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in th' hiſtoric web.
Far-diſtant Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwov'n,
And glutinous materials: the Chineſe
Their porcelain, Japan its varniſh boaſts.
Some fair peculiar graces ev'ry realm,
And each from each a ſhare of wealth acquires.
But chief by numbers of induſtrious hands

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A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raiſe
Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells,
There will be traffick's ſeat; there will ſhe build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy ſwains,
With hoſpitality inflame your breaſt,
And emulation: the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues deck your iſle.
Each clime, each ſea, the ſpacious orb of each,
Shall join their various ſtores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterpriſing, or to teach
The ſtream a naval courſe, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or ſtretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
Why to the narrow circle of our coaſt
Should we ſubmit our limits, while each wind
Aſſiſts the ſtream and ſail, and the wide main
Wooes us in ev'ry port? See Belgium build,
Upon the foodful brine, her envy'd pow'r;
And, half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fiſhy regions. Thus our iſle,
Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—

But

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But whither, by the viſions of the theme
Smit with ſublime delight, but whither ſtrays
The raptur'd muſe, forgetful of her taſk?
No common pleaſure warms the gen'rous mind,
When it beholds the labors of the loom;
How widely round the globe they are diſpers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Through many a ſlender path, how ſedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they ſpeed their way
To public roads, to Foſſe, or Watling-ſtreet,
Or Armine, ancient works; and thence explore,
Through ev'ry navigable wave, the ſea,
That laps the green earth round: thro' Tyne, and Tees,
Thro' Weare, and Lune, and merchandizing Hull,
And Swale, and Aire whoſe cryſtal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Through Ken, ſwift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and, with the ſober pace
Of cautious eld, meand'ring to the deep;
Thro' Dart, and ſullen Exe, whoſe murm'ring wave
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won

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The ſerge and kerſie to their blanching ſtreams;
Through Towy, winding under Merlin's tow'rs,
And Uſk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending ſcene,
Wild torrents, craggs, & woods, & mountain ſnows.
The northern Cambrians, an induſtrious tribe,
Carry their labors on pigmean ſteeds,
Of ſize exceeding not Leiceſtrian ſheep,
Yet ſtrong and ſprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's ſtreets, beneath whoſe lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And ſpreads the ſwelling ſheet. For no-where far
From ſome tranſparent river's naval courſe
Ariſe, and fall, our various hills and vales,
No-where far diſtant from the maſted wharf.
We need not vex the ſtrong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the ſable waters of the Nile,
From Memphis' tow'rs, to th' Erythræan gulph:
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whoſe will imperious forc'd an hundred ſtreams,

Through

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Through many a foreſt, many a ſpacious wild,
To ſtretch their ſcanty trains from ſea to ſea,
That ſome unprofitable ſkiff might float
Acroſs irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.
Far eaſier pains may ſwell our gentler floods,
And through the center of the iſle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone diſparted, woo to join
Majeſtic Thamis. With their ſilver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the ſprings
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to ſpeed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs; & thoſe, who o'er the grots preſide,
Whoſe ſtores bituminous, with ſparkling fires,
In ſummer's tedious abſence, chear the ſwains,
Long ſitting at the loom; and thoſe beſides,
Who crown, with yellow ſheaves, the farmer's hopes;
And all the genii of commerical toil:
Theſe on the dewy lawns await, to ſpeed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
And gloſſy web, to ev'ry port around
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,

Adown

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Adown a thouſand floods, the burden'd barks,
With white ſails glift'ning, thro' the gloomy woods
Haſte to their harbours. See the ſilver maze
Of ſtately Thamis, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding ſmooth
And conſtant as his ſtream: in growing pomp,
By Neptune ſtill attended, ſlow he rolls
To great Auguſta's mart, where lofty trade,
Amid a thouſand golden ſpires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world: the ſtrand around
Cloſe ſwarms with buſy crowds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what induſtry, what fleets!
Lo, from the ſimple fleece how much proceeds.

THE

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THE

FLEECE.

BOOK IV.

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THE ARGUMENT.

OUR manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the Coaſt of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Addreſs to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Peterſburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern courſe thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the ſlave-trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eaſtern coaſt of Afric. Trade to Perſia and Indoſtan, precarious through tyranny and frequent inſurrections. Diſputes between the French and Engliſh, on the coaſt of Cormandel, cenſured. A proſpect of the Spice-iſlands, and of China. Traffick at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Ruſſia. Deſcription of that journey. Tranſition to the weſtern hemiſphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The ſtate and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in thoſe climates: hence the paſſage through Hudſon's Bay impracticable. Enquiries for an eaſier paſſage into the Pacific ocean. View of the coaſts of South America, and of thoſe tempeſtuous ſeas. Lord Anſon's expedition, and ſucceſs againſt the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain conſiſtent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the diſtribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

THE

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THE FLEECE.

BOOK IV.

NOW, with our woolly treaſures amply ſtor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the wid'ning main,
A floating foreſt: ev'ry ſail, unfurl'd,
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure ſky.
Mean time, in pleaſing care, the pilot ſteers
Steady; with eye intent upon the ſteel,
Steady, before the breeze, the pilot ſteers:
While gaily o'er the waves the mountain prows
Dance, like a ſhoal of dolphins, and begin
To ſtreak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's ſhallow ſounds by ſome are ſought,
Or ſandy Elb or Weſer, who receive
The ſwain's and peaſant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return: while ſome explore
Deep Finnic gulphs, and a new ſhore and mart,

The

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The bold creation of that Kesar's pow'r,
Illustrious Peter, whose magnific toils
Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.
Soon sinks away the green and level beach
Of Rumney marish and Rye's silent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle,
Like the pale moon in vapor, faintly bright.
An hundred opening marts are seen, are lost;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecomb mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene.
Yet steady o'er the waves they steer: and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundless magnitude, around them swells;
O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft: heav'n's azure vault
Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, rising o'er the flick'ring waves, the cape

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Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.
Again, and oft, th' advent'rous sails disperse;
These to Iberia, others to the coast
Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tharsis deem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions, with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester;
Light airy cloathing for their vacant swains,
And visionary monks. We, in return
Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces soft,
Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Pow'rful incentive; or Hesperian fruits,
Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-chearing wine.
Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage through
The gates of Hercules *, find many seas,
And bays unnumber'd, op'ning to their keels;
But shores inhospitable oft, to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,

* *The streights of Gibraltar.*

Fall'n,

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Fall'n, like the Punic, to the daſhing waves
Reſign their ruins: Tiber's boaſted flood,
Whoſe pompous moles o'erlook'd the ſubject deep,
Now creeps along, thro' brakes and yellow duſt,
While Neptune ſcarce perceives its murm'ring rill:
Such are th' effects, when virtue ſlacks her hand;
Wild nature back returns: along theſe ſhores
Neglected trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting ſlender ſtores, the ſun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taſte
Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile ſtrand,
Bereft of human diſcipline, has loſt
Its ancient luſtre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the num'rous marts,
That in thoſe glitt'ring ſeas with ſplendor roſe,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar ſite,
Remains in proſp'rous ſtate; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, ſacred ever to the muſe.
To theſe reſort the delegates of trade,

Social

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Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
And bales of ſofteſt wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, diſpenſe; yet ſee, with vain regret,
Their ſtores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or ſought, or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd ſtrand alluring; the great ſkill
Of Gaul, and greater induſtry, prevails;
That proud imperious foe. Yet ah—'tis not——
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within,
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'Tis he, who pours into the ſhops of trade
That impious poiſon: it is he, who gains
The ſacred ſeat of parliament by means,
That vitiate and emaſculate the mind;
By ſloth, by lewd intemp'rance, and a ſcene
Of riot, worſe than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar, and remote Chineſe,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.
Mean-time (while thoſe, who dare be juſt, oppoſe
The various pow'rs of many-headed vice),
Ye delegates of trade, by patience riſe

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O'er difficulties: in this ſultry clime
Note what is found of uſe: the flix of goat,
Red-wool, and balm, and caufee's berry brown,
Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft,
By ſkilful labor, riſe to high eſteem.
Nor what the peaſant, near ſome lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simoïs, or Meander flow,
Renown'd in ſtory, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vaſe,
Statue and buſt, of old magnificence
Beautiful reliques: oh, could modern time
Reſtore the mimic art, and the clear mien
Of patriot ſages, WALSINGHAMS and YORKES,
And CECILS, in long-laſting ſtone preſerve!
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they ſeem—or in a varied dreſs
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights;
Change then your ſearches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabean frankincenſe
Rare is collected now: few altars ſmoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaia views

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Trade's buſy fleets regardleſs paſs her coaſt:
Nor frequent are the freights of ſnow-white woofs,
Since Rome, no more the miſtreſs of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd ſtreets
With gloomy coul, majeſtical no more.
  See the dark ſpirit of tyrannic pow'r.
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval ſtreams,
And the Mœotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hoſtile battlement: in aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: inſolent of rule, he ſpreads
Thraldom and deſolation o'er his realms.
  Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce diſcovers: the Livonian gulph
Receives her ſails, and leads them to the port
Of riſing Peterſburgh, whoſe ſplendid ſtreets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Coſſac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crowds reſort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoïd,

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Rough with the ſtings of froſt, from his dark caves
Aſcends, and thither haſtes, ere winter's rage
O'ertake his homeward ſtep; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's ſtreams;
And bord'erers of the Caſpian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes, which fill'd
With proudeſt affluence the Colchian ſtate.

Many have been the ways to thoſe renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis; to the port of wealthy Tyre;
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderneſs,
Who down the long Euphrates ſent her ſails;
And ſacred Salem, when her num'rous fleets,
From Ezion-geber, paſs'd th' Arabian gulph.

But later times, more fortunate, have found,
O'er ocean's open wave, a ſurer courſe,
Sailing the weſtern coaſt of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
And iſlands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led

Of

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Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
Is now, of commerce, made the ſcene immenſe;
Which daring ſhips frequent, aſſociated,
Like doves, or ſwallows, in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, ſolitary ſeen.

Some, with more open courſe, to Indus ſteer;
Some coaſt from port to port, with various men
And manners converſant; of th' angry ſurge,
That thunders loud, and ſpreads the cliffs with foam,
Regardleſs, or the monſters of the deep,
Porpoiſe, or grampus, or the rav'nous ſhark,
That chaſe their keels; or threat'ning rock, o'erhead,
Of Atlas old; beneath the threat'ning rocks,
Reckleſs, they furl their ſails, and, bart'ring, take
Soft flakes of wool; for in ſoft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.

The ſhores of Sus inhoſpitable riſe,
And high Bojador; Zara too diſplays
Unfruitful deſarts; Gambia's wave iniſles
An ouzy coaſt, and peſtilential ills
Diffuſes wide; behind are burning ſands,

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Adverſe to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.
On Guinea's ſultry ſtrand, the drap'ry light
Of Mancheſter or Norwich is beſtow'd
For clear tranſparent gums, and ductile wax,
And ſnow-white iv'ry; yet the valued trade,
Along this barb'rous coaſt, in telling, wounds
The gen'rous heart, the ſale of wretched ſlaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long ſervitude; ſevere exchange!
Theſe till our fertile colonies, which yield
The ſugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increaſing navies to their crouded wharfs.
But let the man, whoſe rough tempeſtuous hours
In this advent'rous traffic are involv'd,
With juſt humanity of heart purſue
The gainful commerce: wickedneſs is blind:
Their ſable chieftains may in future times
Burſt their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And av'rice. There are ills to come for crimes.

Hot

Hot Guinea too gives yellow duſt of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the ſides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And ſandy deſarts rous'd by ſudden ſtorms,
All ſearch forbid: howe'er, on either hand
Vallies and pleaſant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erſt, are found
Fertile and populous: their ſable tribes,
In ſhade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool deſcent of rain,
And ſoft refreſhing breezes: nor are lakes
Here wanting; thoſe a ſea-wide ſurface ſpread,
Which to the diſtant Nile and Senegal
Send long meanders: whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercaſts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coaſt
Is ſeldom viſited; and the rough ſhore
Of Cafres, land of ſavage Hottentots,
Whoſe hands unnatural haſten to the grave
Their aged parents: what barbarity
And brutal ignorance, where ſocial trade

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Is held contemptible! Ye gliding ſails,
From theſe inhoſpitable gloomy ſhores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the chearful mariner good hope
Of proſp'rous voyage, ſteer: rejoice to view,
What trade, with Belgian induſtry, creates,
Proſpects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in huſk or gloſſy rind:
There the capacious vaſe from cryſtal ſprings
Repleniſh, and convenient ſtore provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.
See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the ſmell of balms, how traffic ſhapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coaſt
Of Sofala, thought Ophir; in whoſe hills
Ev'n yet ſome portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and ſparkles in the yellow ſand
Of its clear ſtreams, though unregarded now;
Ophirs more rich are found. With eaſy courſe
The veſſels glide; unleſs their ſpeed be ſtopp'd

By

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By dead calms, that oft lie on thoſe ſmooth ſeas
While ev'ry zephyr ſleeps: then the ſhrouds drop
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat ſea ſhines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of ſome old temple wide. But where ſo wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor
Did ever temple boaſt as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At ſolemn diſtances its pillars riſe,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy ſteeps,
And lofty Madagaſcar's glittering ſhores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And gloſſy ſhells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloane's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their courſe, 'till this bright ſcene
Is bruſh'd away before the riſing breeze,
That joys the buſy crew, and ſpeeds again
The ſail full-ſwelling to Socotra's iſle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whoſe ſtreets are oft

With

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With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighb'ring provinces and realms afar;
And fill'd with plenty, though dry sandy wastes
Spread naked round; so great the pow'r of trade.
Persia few ports; more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few?
Where wild ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up; while fell revenge and famine leads
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies: oft in vain
The merchant seeks upon the strand, whom erst,
Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,
He seeks; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent salt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd saps from leaf and flow'r,

And

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And various gums; the clothier knows their worth;
And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mixt
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material: though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not; let none deem
The fleece, in any traffic, unconcern'd;
By ev'ry traffic aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
And ev'ry loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all, unconscious of the union, act.
  Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coasts their shores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks;
Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills;
And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm

Of

Of bees in ſummer, on a poplar's trunk,
Cluſt'ring innumerable; theſe behind
His ſtern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whoſe volcano's riſe
Dark ſmoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Darted in air aloft; around whoſe feet
Blue cliffs aſcend, and aromatic groves,
In various proſpect; Ceylon alſo deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vaſt globe the deepeſt, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich diſputed ſtrand
Of Cormandel, where traffic grieves to ſee
Diſcord and Avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, ſciences, and arts:
But cries aloud in vain. Yet wiſe defence,
Againſt ambition's wide-deſtroying pride,
Madraſs erected, and Saint-David's fort,
And thoſe which riſe on Ganges' twenty ſtreams,

Guarding

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Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tow'r,
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
The ſhining bales our factors deal abroad,
And ſee the country's products, in exchange,
Before them heap'd; cotton's tranſparent webs,
Aloes, and caſſia, ſalutiferous drugs,
Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoiſeſhell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming nymphs. For theſe, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our drap'ries are diſpers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Caſſimere, and Atoc, on the ſtream
Of old Hydaſpes, Porus' hardy realm;
And late-diſcovered Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compreſs'd and wrought
To threadleſs drap'ry, which in conic forms,
Of various hues, their gaudy roofs adorns.
The keels, which voyage through Molucca's ſtraits,
Amid a cloud of ſpicy odors, ſail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whoſe woods
Yield fiery pepper, that deſtroys the moth

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In woolly veſtures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the feſtal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to thoſe narrow bounds confin'd;
While gracious nature, with unſparing hand,
The needs of life o'er ev'ry region pours.
Near thoſe delicious iſles, the beauteous coaſt
Of China rears its ſummits. Know ye not,
Ye ſons of trade, that ever-flow'ry ſhore,
Thoſe azure hills, thoſe woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall gloſſy tow'rs of porcelane,
And pillar'd pagods ſhine; rejoic'd they ſee
The port of Canton op'ning to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.
Upon the ſtrand they heap their gloſſy bales,
And works of Birmingham, in braſs or ſteel,
And flint, and pond'rous lead from deep cells rais'd,
Fit ballaſt in the fury of the ſtorm,
That tears the ſhrouds, and bends the ſtubborn maſt:
Theſe, for the artiſts of the fleece, procure

Various

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Various materials; and, for affluent life,
The flavour'd thea and glofſy painted vaſe;
Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
In temp'rance us'd, delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the ſtrongeſt thread
Of the green ſilkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, ſecure
In conſtant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
Of rich fertility; where, thick as ſtars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and ſhady dale; ev'n on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes and bord'ring ſeas,
Riſe floating villages; no wonder; when,
In ev'ry province, firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable ſtreams,
Ever, with eaſe, conduct the works of toil
To ſure and ſpeedy markets, through the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To th' imperial tow'rs of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and thoſe of Exe and Frome,

And

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And Yare, and Avon ſlow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Ruſſic caravans are brought,
Through Scythia's num'rous regions, waſte and wild,
Journey immenſe! which, to th' attentive ear,
The muſe, in faithful notes, ſhall brief deſcribe.
From the proud mart of Peterſburg, ere-while
The wat'ry ſeat of deſolation wide,
Iſſue theſe trading caravans, and urge,
Thro' dazling ſnows, their dreary trackleſs road;
By compaſs ſteering oft, from week to week,
From month to month; whole ſeaſons view their toils.
Neva they paſs, and Keſma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threat'ning in vain; and many a cataract,
In its fall ſtopp'd, and bound with bars of ice.
Cloſe on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
White with continual froſt; and on the right
The Caſpian lake, and ever-flow'ry realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are deſtin'd to the ſword; and on each hand

Roads

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Roads hung with carcaſes, or under foot
Thick ſtrown; while, in their rough bewilder'd vales,
The blooming roſe its fragrance breathes in vain,
And ſilver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.
Sometimes o'er level ways, on eaſy ſleds,
The gen'rous horſe conveys the ſons of trade;
And ever and anon the docile dog;
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
Skims over icy lakes; now ſlow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown deſcend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whoſe hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the riſing moon, thro' wat'ry miſts:
Tobol, th' abode of thoſe unfortunate
Exiles of angry ſtate, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where carl, and prince,
Soldier, and ſtateſman, and uncreſted chief,
On the dark level of adverſity,
Converſe familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirſt, and nakedneſs,

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Their little public ſmiles, and the bright ſparks
Of trade are kindled: trade ariſes oft,
And virtue, from adverſity and want:
Be witneſs, Carthage, witneſs, ancient Tyre,
And thou, Batavia, daughter of diſtreſs.
This, with his hands, which erſt the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow; that the mattoc drives;
All are employ'd; and by their works acquire
Our fleecy veſtures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refreſh'd, proceeds the caravan
Thro' lively-ſpreading cultures, paſtures green,
And yellow tillages in op'ning woods:
Thence on, thro' Narim's wilds, a pathleſs road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplext;
Land of the lazy Oſtiacs, thin diſpers'd,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented; miſerable tribe,
Void of commercial comforts: who, nor corn,
Nor pulſe, nor oil, nor heart-enliv'ning wine,
Know to procure; nor ſpade, nor ſcythe, nor ſhare,

Nor

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Nor ſocial aid: beneath their thorny bed
The ſerpent hiſſes, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And paſs by ſpacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains; and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whoſe ſnow-nodding craggs
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous ſtreams
Of Oby, and Irtis, and Jeniſca, ſwift,
Which ruſh upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen ſeas, and lift their hills of ice.

Theſe rugged paths and ſavage landſcapes paſs'd,
A new ſcene ſtrikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what ſeems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work; that matchleſs work of art,
The wall of Sina, by CHIHOHAM's pow'r,
In earlieſt times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are ſeen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vaſt extent, beyond the length
Of many a potent empire; tow'rs and ports,
Three times a thouſand, lift thereon their brows

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At equal ſpaces, and in proſpect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.
At length the gloomy paſſage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whoſe op'ning folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glitt'ring ſpires,
The deſtin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's diſtant realm, the utmoſt bound
Of the flat floor of ſtedfaſt earth; for ſo
Fabled antiquity, ere peaceful trade
Inform'd the op'ning mind of curious man.
Now to the other hemiſphere, my muſe,
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the firſt of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnaſſus, the unweary'd toils
Of induſtry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful ſong.
Happy the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active RALEIGH made, and great the joy,
When he diſcern'd, above the foamy ſurge,
A riſing coaſt, for future colonies,

Op'ning

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Op'ning her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of labor: thither, from the wrongs
Of lawleſs rule, the free-born ſpirit flies;
Thither affliction, thither poverty,
And arts and ſciencies: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' aſylum of mankind.
But joy ſuperior far his boſom warms,
Who views thoſe ſhores in ev'ry culture dreſs'd;
With habitations gay, and num'rous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Form'd into various ſtates, pow'rful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themſelves, and for thoſe tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new deſires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,

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And ſpread Britannia's flocks o'er ev'ry dale.
Ye, who the ſhuttle caſt along the loom,
The ſilkworm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
Nor ſlight the green ſavannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods ariſe
Of mulberries, and in whoſe water'd fields
Up ſprings the verdant blade of thirſty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth?
Fertile Virginia, like a vig'rous bough,
Which overſhades ſome cryſtal river, ſpreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a ſpacious realm, rewards
The fleecy ſhuttle: to her growing marts
The Iroqueſe, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feath'ry ornaments uncouth,
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taſte.
Bluſh, Europeans, whom the circling cup
Of luxury intoxicates; ye routs,

Who,

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Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land;
And ye voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
Seek eaſy habitations, void of care:
The ſons of nature, with aſtoniſhment,
And deteſtation, mark your evil deeds;
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveleſs arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.
See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Maſſachuſet, happy in thoſe arts,
That join the polities of trade and war,
Bearing the palm in either; they appear
Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
Hang their white fiſh amid the parching winds:
The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth,
And frize of Cambria, worn by thoſe, who ſeek,
Thro' gulphs and dales of Hudſon's winding bays,
The beaver's fur, tho' oft they ſeek in vain,
While winter's froſty rigor checks approach,

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Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
(If ye, the travell'd ſons of commerce, know),
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the ſun's annual courſe, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile ſhore, and Gallic realms,
By the ſame zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phœbus, and, ſupine, behold
Their plains and hillocks bluſh with cluſt'ring vines.
Muſt it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty labor drain their guſty lakes,
Enlarge the bright'ning ſky, and, peopling, warm
The op'ning vallies, and the yellowing plains?
Or rather ſhall we burſt ſtrong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific ev'ry joy
Of civil life diffuſe? Are not her iſles
Num'rous and large? Have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar ſciences, and other forms
Of trade, and uſeful products, to exchange
For woolly veſtures? 'Tis a tedious courſe

By

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By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond
Thoſe ſea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's iſle
The ſtandard of Britannia ſhall ariſe.
Proud Buenos Aires, low-couched Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hoſtile eye,
The lab'ring veſſel: neither may we truſt
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffick there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry ſtorms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye advent'rous mariners,
Be firm; take courage from the brave. 'Twas there
Perils and conflicts inexpreſſible
ANSON, with ſteady undeſpairing breaſt,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chas'd
His country's foes. Faſt-gath'ring tempeſts rous'd
Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around
Whirlwind, and ſnow, and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down

Deſcending

Deſcending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyſs;
And now the ſtars, upon the loftieſt point
Toſs'd of the ſky-mix'd ſurges. Oft the burſt
Of loudeſt thunder, with the daſh of ſeas,
Tore the wild-flying ſails and tumbling maſts;
While flames, thick-flaſhing in the gloom, reveal'd
Ruins of decks and ſhrouds, and ſights of death.
Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his cheat,
Gaining, at intervals, ſlow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
Above all height, by op'ning clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inacceſſible
Wreck-threat'ning Staten-lands o'erhanging ſhore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Poſture of falling; as when Pelion, rear'd
On Oſſa, and on Oſſa's tott'ring head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.
At length, thro' ev'ry tempeſt, as ſome branch,
Which from a poplar falls into a loud

Impetuous

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Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet reascends, and glides, on lake or stream,
Smooth thro' the vallies; so his way he won
To the serene Pacific, flood immense,
And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.
Then Paita's walls, in wasting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave
To shew humanity and continence,
To SCIPIO's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe secure to pride
And violence: although the far-stretch'd coast
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cause; though fell disease,
Un'bating labor, tedious time, conspir'd,
And heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Tho' that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the world,
Deny'd all hospitable land or port;
Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyss, whereon
To drop the fast'ning anchor; tho' his brave
Companions ceas'd, subdu'd by toil extreme;

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Though ſolitary left in Tinian's ſeas,
Where never was before the dreaded ſound
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought, the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes.
Rejoice, ye nations, vindicate the ſway
Ordain'd for common happineſs. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn:
What can avail to her, whoſe fertile earth
By ocean's briny waves are circumſcrib'd,
The armed hoſt, and murd'ring ſword of war,
And conqueſt o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
Her ſolemn compacts, in the luſt of rule:
Studious of arts and trade, ſhe ne'er diſturbs
The holy peace of ſtates. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and ſpread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her ſkilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye ſwains;

Increaſing

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Increasing commerce shall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careless wealth,
Pernicious gift, bestows; a day will come,
When, thro' new channels sailing, we shall clothe
The Californian coast, and all the realms
That stretch from Anian's streights to proud Japan;
And the green isles, which on the left arise
Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the sailors chart:
Then ev'ry variation shall be told
Of the magnetic steel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.
That portion too of land, a tract immense,
Beneath th' Antarctic spread, shall then be known,
And new plantations on its coast arise.
Then rigid winter's ice no more shall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the soft fleece shall every-where be cloath'd.
Th' exulting muse shall then, in vigor fresh,
Her flight renew. Mean-while, with weary wing,
O'er

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O'er ocean's wave returning, ſhe explores
Siluria's flow'ry vales, her old delight,
The ſhepherd's haunts, where the firſt ſprings ariſe
Of Britain's happy trade, now ſpreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific ſeas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

FINIS.

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